

# VOGUE

APRIL 15

How to keep  
your audience



Travel wardrobe:  
5 coats and a sheath

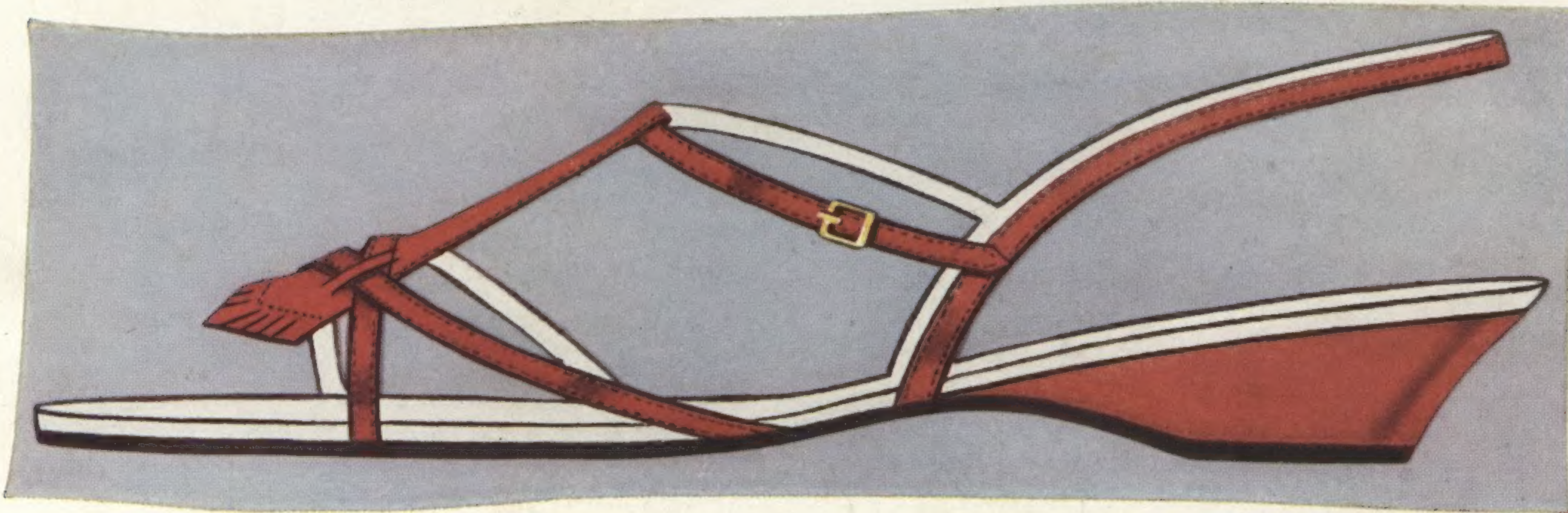
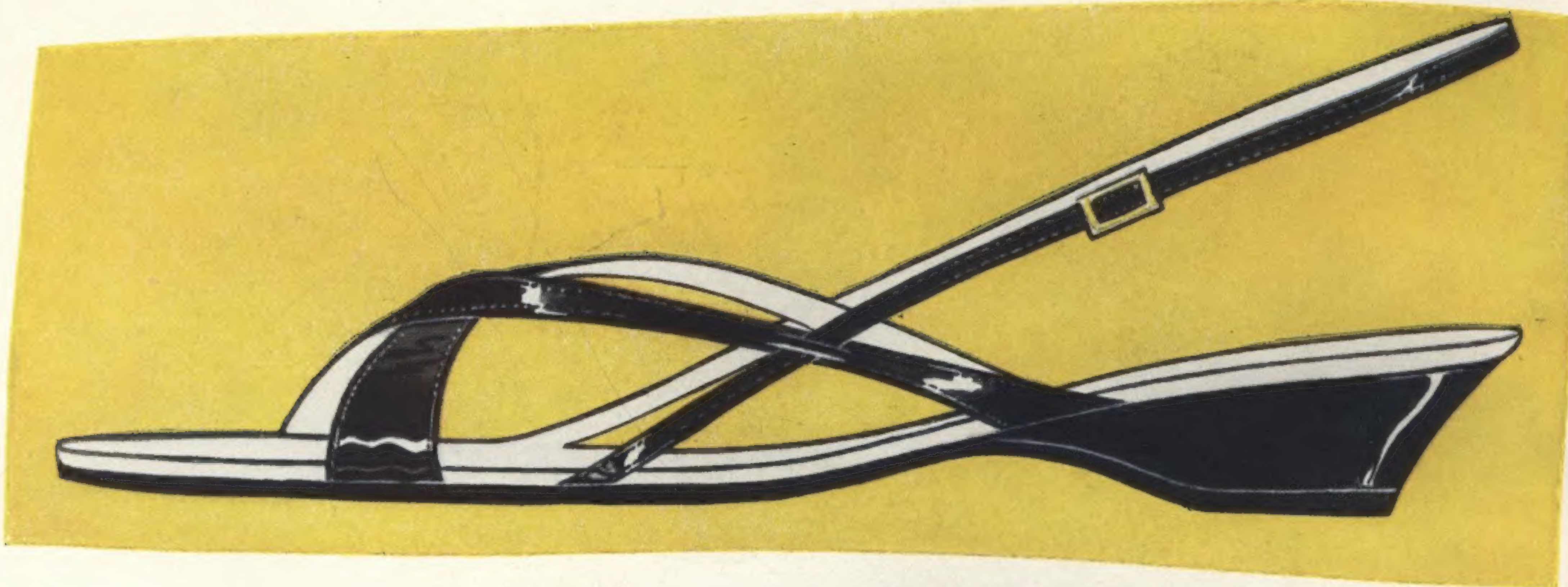
New holiday spot in France:  
The Camargue

Special section:  
Fashions in Living

50 CENTS

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There's terrific appeal in the Smidgin heel!

More than a wafer, less than a wedge—just enough heel to lift you gracefully along the road to foot flattery. Sandals in black patent

leather and paprika calf; straw beige with beige calf. Most styles in

Fortunets \$7.95 to \$10.95.

by **Fortunet**  
FUN-LOVING SHOES

Fortunet Shoe Company ☞ Division of General Shoe Corporation ☞ Nashville 3, Tenn.





# BONWIT TELLER

For the long glance,  
Lanz...  
eye-catching  
new length  
cocktail cotton,  
jr. sizes 5 to 15.  
Black or navy  
rimmed with white  
Irish linen, 49.95  
Mail and phone  
orders filled.

New York White Plains  
Chicago Cleveland  
Boston





Cotton Enchantment

by *Jane Derby*

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# VOGUE

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There are three Vogues: American, French, British

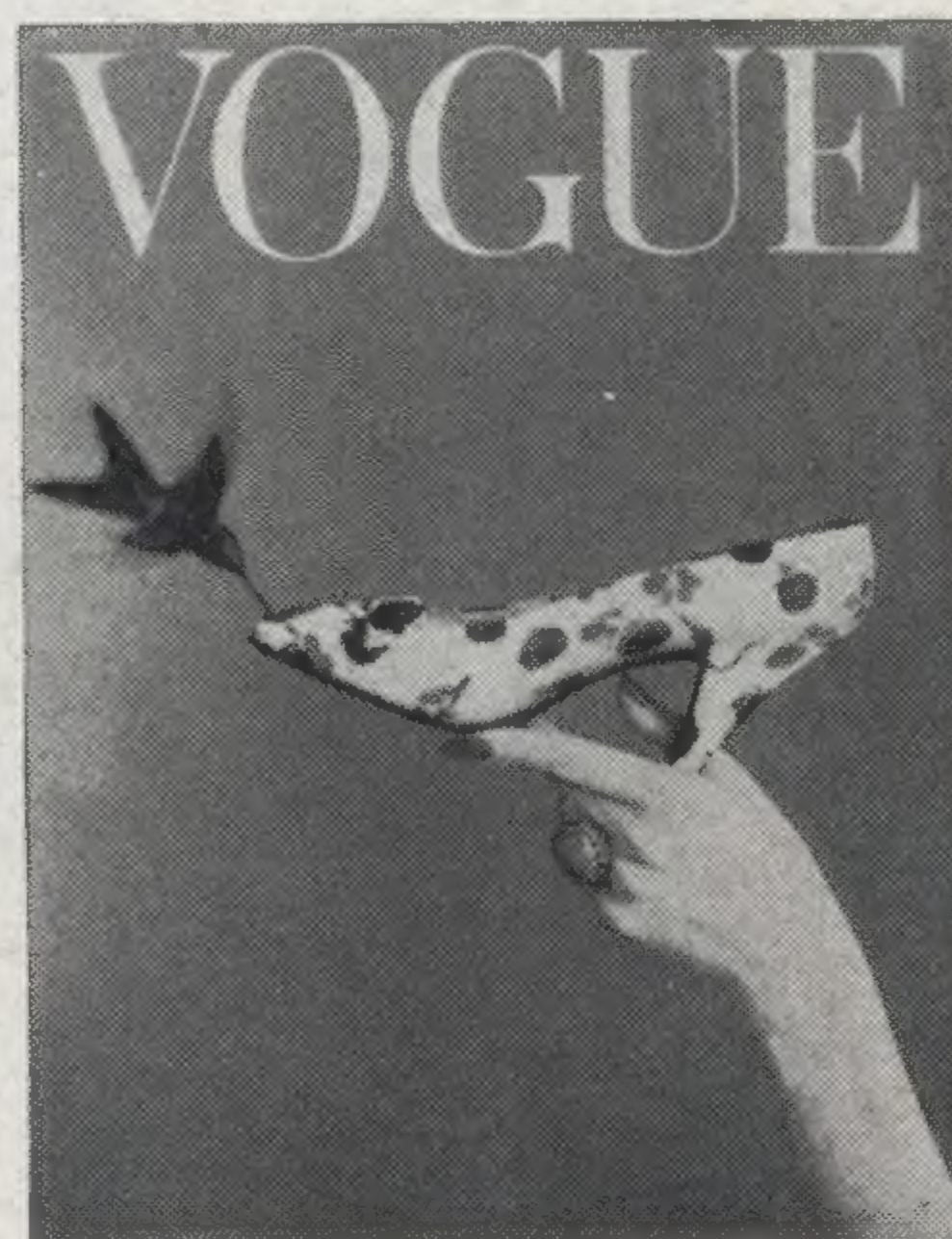
I. S. V. - PATCÉVITCH Publisher

## APRIL 15, 1957

### COVER

Holding its audience—an evening shoe of a new deliciousness: garnet flowers on cut velvet, cut on a new last by Christian Dior. The low sides point up a new toe point: it's squared slightly for a new raised dimension. A woman might wear this shoe in almost any evening plan (except one involving a print); *might* have this as her only evening shoe—almost any dress-colour could take it as a complement. At Bonwit Teller. Later at I. Magnin. Orbed turquoise and diamond ring, from S. G. Barnett.

Love That Red nail enamel by Revlon.



RUTLEDGE

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*Maurice Rentner*

SEMPIONE IMPORTED LINEN



BACKDROP—"BOLERO" LUXURIOUS ALL WOOL WILTON BY BROADLOOM IMPORTS, 34 EAST 29TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY





## **When does summer begin?**

The minute the linen sheath  
slips into the scene—

its understatement of perfection  
enhanced with the merest trace of piping.

**We love this dress—**

it makes summer life so simple.

55.00 on the Sports Floor, Fifth  
Lord & Taylor—also at Manhasset,  
Westchester, Millburn, West Hartford,  
Bala-Cynwyd, Garden City



# PIANTA

New growing fashion...Pianta, textured and silken fabric, a day and evening highlight. Here in a beautiful tapered pump in striated black and white. Other styles, other colors, from black to champagne, 22.00 to 25.00. Matching Palizzio handbag, about 15.00 plus tax

# PALIZZIO

*new york*



how beautifully they fit...that's the PALIZZIO tradition





**bolero on a curve** — our exclusive little linen is a whole summer's  
icing of frosted darks on lights. We carve it to a bolero look with scrolls of braid. Black on black and  
white, black on red with beige, blue on eyeshadow blue with white, black on all white,  
in 8-14 sizes. 59.95. Dress Collections.

**SAKS FIFTH AVENUE**

NEW YORK • WHITE PLAINS • CHICAGO • DETROIT • PITTSBURGH • PHILADELPHIA • BEVERLY HILLS • SAN FRANCISCO • MIAMI BEACH • FT. LAUDERDALE • PALM BEACH • ST. LOUIS

APRIL 15, 1957



THE  
SUMMER  
FASHION...

NATURALIZER'S

# *Spectator classics*

Shoes Illustrated, **12.95** Other styles, 8.95 to 12.95  
Higher Denver West and Canada

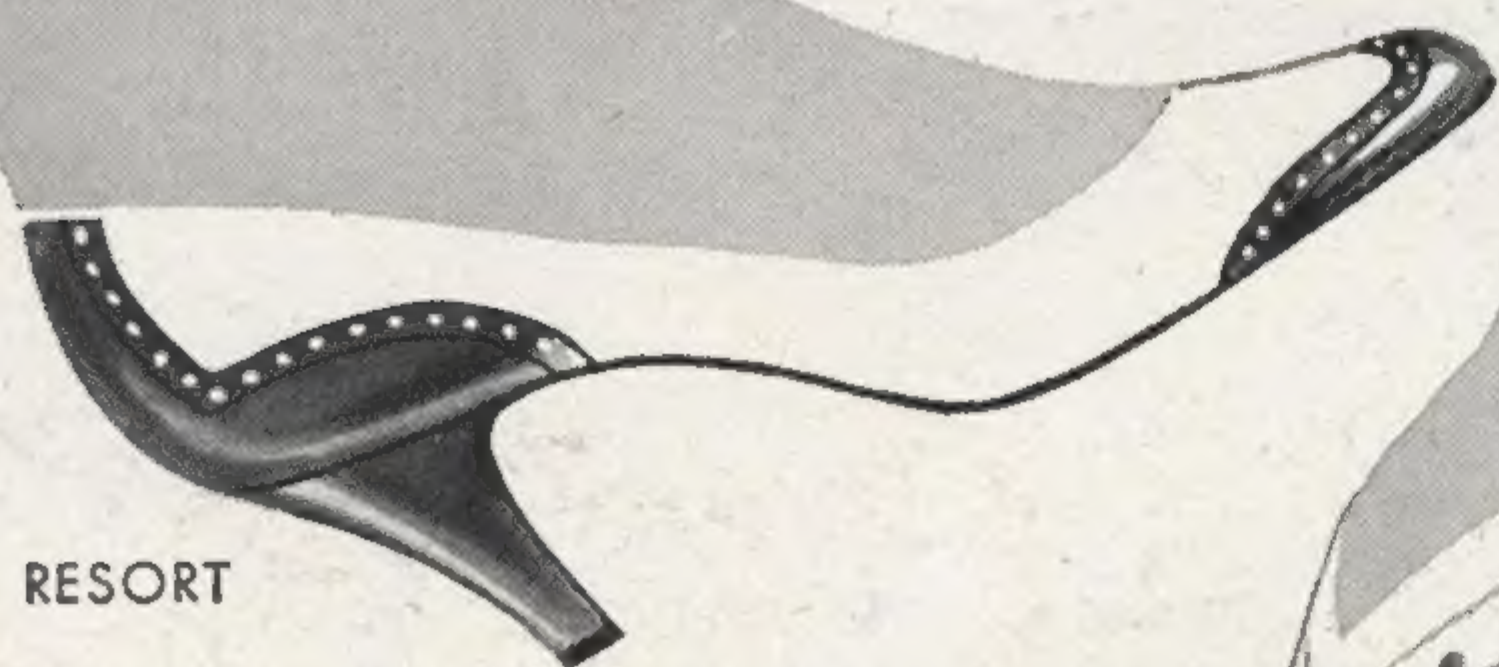
SUN VALLEY



CUBA



RESORT



FOR NEAREST DEALER WRITE NATURALIZER DIVISION, BROWN SHOE COMPANY, ST. LOUIS. ALSO MANUFACTURED IN CANADA BY PERTH SHOE COMPANY, LTD., PERTH, ONTARIO.



GLOVE-SOFT  
LEATHER



COMPLETE  
FLEXIBILITY



SOFT TOES



HEEL-HUGGING  
TOE-FREE FIT

# *Naturalizer*

THE SHOE WITH THE BEAUTIFUL FIT



Nowhere else but here! While you watch, the Charles of the Ritz consultant hand-blends your made-to-order shade of face powder...then, through our unique press, transforms it into pressed powder. In an elegant compact, \$2 plus tax. At favored department and specialty stores.

Charles of the Ritz





If he admires redheads...

*Be one!*



The most fabulous reds are by **CLAIROL**

The new reds—pale, brilliant or burnished, are setting the tone for smartest hair fashions. You can see them now at your beauty salon.



If champagne blondes turn his head...

*Be me!*



The most fabulous blondes are by **CLAIROL**

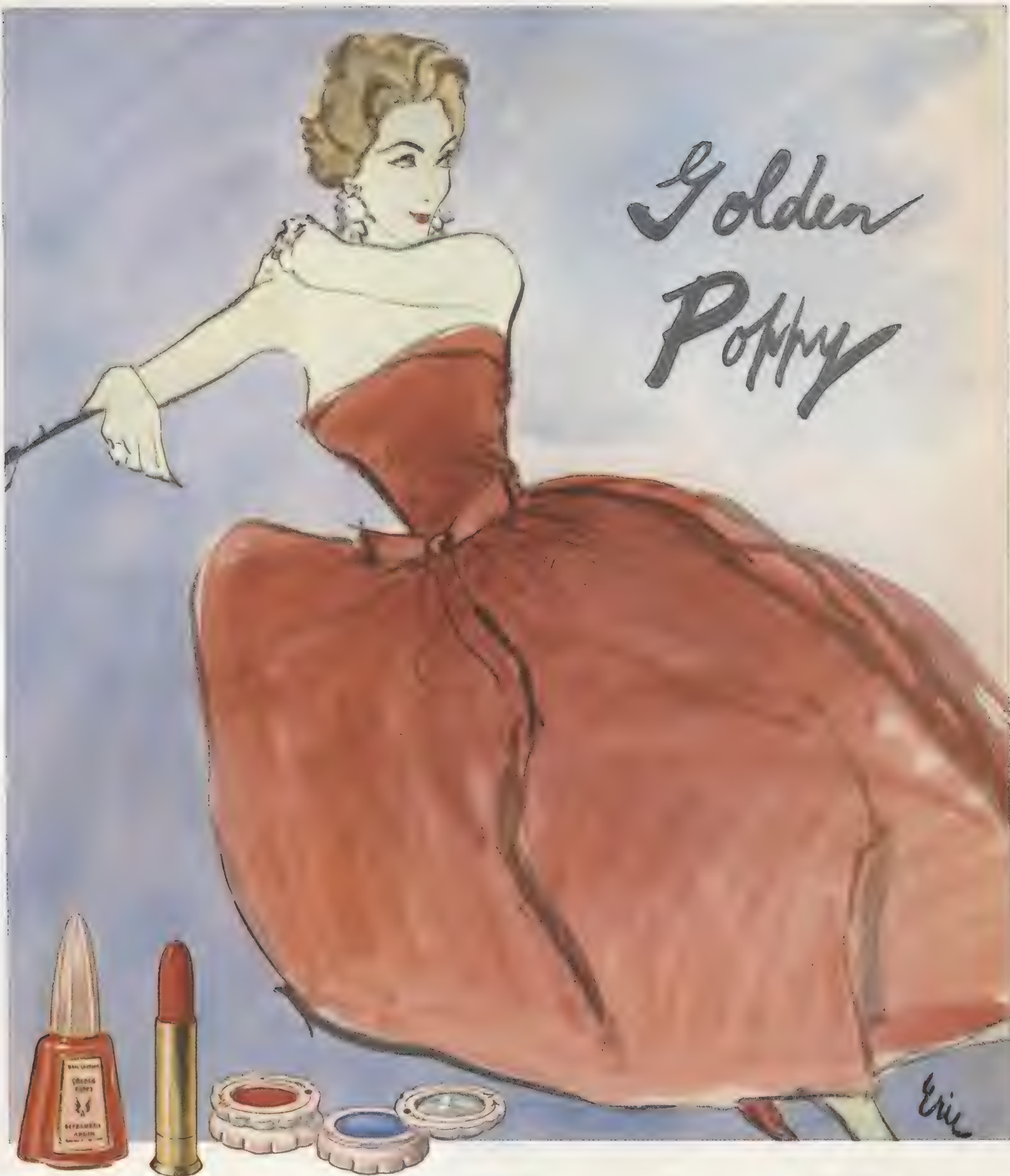
And the latest word in blonde toning is "Beige." From palest gold-tone Champagne to smoky Platinum Beige. Now at your beauty salon.





GRENELLE-ESTEVEZ, 550 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK *presents*  
DAISY COTTON PRINT *by* GOODMAN & THEISE  
*available at* Lord & Taylor, New York • Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington • Neiman-Marcus, Dallas





Disarmingly beautiful, Elizabeth Arden's new Spring color is a paradox of brilliance—and gentleness. Acknowledged artist of color magic, who else could translate Nature's delicious fragility of purest color right over into Fashion! It adds endearing enchantment to every woman's face. Wear GOLDEN POPPY in complete harmonized make-up.

*Wear Golden Poppy  
with all of Fashion's new  
Eye Shado Blues*

*Elizabeth Arden*

Golden Poppy Lipsticks, 1.50  
Golden Poppy Nail Lacquer, 1.00  
Velva Moisture Film, 5.00 • Cream  
Rouge, 2.00 • Eye Shado (Blue), 2.00  
Pat-A-Creme (Natural), 2.00  
Invisible Veil Powder (#3) 5.00, 2.75.  
prices plus tax





Dress by Scaasi

*The light touch for Letters. . . .* SHEER is the word, the mood, for now . . . the gossamer look, the whispered word, the feminine allure that inspires romantic thoughts . . . the theme of these exquisite Eaton's sheer papers.

VIOLETTE—diminutive floral frame, delicately tinted, \$1.59.

CANDY STRIPE—crisp, rustly, gay striped linings, \$1.

LOVE LETTERS—softest pastels, linings strewn with moss roses, \$1.25.

LOVE LETTERS—in a veil of fragrance, perfumed with Odalisque, \$1.50.

BUTTERFLY SHEER—a flight of butterflies, to give wings to your words, \$1.

*In your favorite Stationery Department, now.*

If your quest be beauty

**EATON'S**

FINE LETTER PAPERS

EATON PAPER CORPORATION



PITTSFIELD,

MASSACHUSETTS



# NEIMAN-MARCUS

DALLAS  
HOUSTON



Photo by Beadle Gold mouse from a la Vieille Russie

WHITE RICE...

leather with new dimensions of texture by Surpass  
new shoe shape...the fashionably attenuated toe...  
the abridged heel by DAVID EVINS.  
new in the hand...the portfolio by BIENEN-DAVIS




Nelly Don presents  
her "Jamestown '57" series,  
inspired by this year's  
celebration of America's  
350th birthday, and the  
landing of the colonists at  
Jamestown. With a special  
curtsy to our colonial  
ancestors, Nelly Don  
illustrates on these pages  
a thoroughly American  
tradition: fine fashion  
at a price.

The camellia  
shirtdress of  
embroidered leno  
cotton. White,  
blue, petal pink.  
Sizes 8 to 18,  
under 20.00

Write Nelly Don, Kansas City, Mo. for store nearest you  
featuring dresses on this and the following three pages.







# Nelly Don

The soft-tie sheer  
in "Wisplon,"  
a blend of cotton and  
yarn-dyed nylon by

**FABREX**

Light and fluid wonder  
fabric for a cool, care-  
free summer. Amber, blue  
or black on white.

Sizes 10 to 20,  
under 18.00



Nelly Don's  
laced-bodice dress  
in Antigo, a silky blend  
of Cupioni® rayon,  
dacron and cotton by  
**Cohama**

Fine little rows  
of lace insertion  
give fresh, frosted  
look to waist.  
Pink, jonquil, blue.  
Sizes 8 to 18,  
under 18.00





# Nelly Don

Cameo print  
shirtdress, sparked  
with jewel buttons.  
Made in **Dazzle**,  
a lustrous, wrinkle-  
resistant broadcloth by  
**Springmaid**.  
Lilac, rose red or  
melon on white.  
Sizes 8 to 20,  
under 18.00



*Barrett*





# SLOAT

Skirt, shirt and Bermuda shorts.

Sloat & Co., 525 Seventh Ave., N. Y.





# Barbizon

475 Fifth Avenue • New York



*Our 40th Year of Feminine Fashions*

**SPRING ROMANCE IN BARBIZON BATISTES . . . of Dacron-Cotton and Nylon**

Charmingly designed with you in mind—a lovely new slip and gown in Zephairé® and Blendaire® Batistes—from our newest collection. Exquisitely styled and finely finished with imported nylon lace—a rare combination of meticulous workmanship and easy care. "Desiree" slipper-length gown in Blendaire—about \$9; "Contessa" waltz-length version in Blendaire—about \$8; "Estoril" slip in Zephairé—about \$6.





## Secret rapture:

### Silk's fluid loveliness in lingerie

Discover again the delights of *silk* in lingerie . . . the luxury of *silk* satins and chiffons . . . the comfort of *silk* tricot for travel or college. It's a practical indulgence because today's *silks* are not only lovelier and softer to the touch, they're easier to launder, more enduring than ever before.

*International*

*Silk Association (U. S. A.)*

PHOTOGRAPHED AT CONTINENTAL HILTON, MEXICO





**GIVENCHY designs for** *Jantzen*<sup>®</sup>  
**INTERNATIONAL SET**

the look a man likes... as Givenchy does it in a thrilling collection of originals designed only for Jantzen by the famous young Paris couturier. The mood is Moroccan... the pattern hand-screened on knitted <sup>®</sup>Laton-powered cotton. Both suits feature the marvelous new detachable "Bravo!" swim bra\*... a Jantzen-exclusive to give you complete figure glamour. "Maroc", sheath with matching pants, left... "La Corse", right (can be worn with the pant-legs hiked up)... \$35.00. (prices in U.S.A.) \*PATENT PENDING  
Jantzen Inc • Portland 8 • Oregon

PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE MID-OCEAN CLUB, BERMUDA



You're wearing antiques...



DRESS BY CELIA PHILLIPS FOR FRANK STARR



...if you're  
not  
wearing  
modern  
stretch  
stockings



Sheer stretch stockings are the most remarkable hosiery development since nylon. They are the only stockings that flatter your legs with custom-made fit—are smooth as your own skin. Soft and becomingly dull, they hug your legs gently. They refuse to wrinkle or wander out of place. Put your legs thigh high in the loveliness of modern stockings... sheer stretch stockings.

PATENTEX YARNS AND PROCESSES ARE USED BY THE WORLD'S LEADING MANUFACTURERS OF SHEER STRETCH STOCKINGS • PATENTEX, INC., N. Y. C.





lyric to Spring...

"Sheer Poetry in Prints"  
finest cotton voiles...

only by **Wamsutta**<sup>®</sup>



Wamsutta fabrics also sold in the fabric departments of fine stores everywhere.

Arnold Constable & Co., New York City  
Gimbels, Pittsburgh  
Joslin's, Denver  
Lamson's, Toledo  
O'Neil's, Akron  
Stewart's, Louisville, Ky.  
Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.  
The Union Co., Columbus, Ohio

**mynette** makes this a beautiful Spring for women with these sure-flattery prints in the finest cotton voile by Wamsutta. The Paisley with blue, rose or mint predominating; the Leaf print in coral, open or olive on white; the Brush-stroke print in rose, orchid or aqua. In women's sizes 12½ to 24½ each about 11.00. WAMSUTTA MILLS, Dept W25, 1430 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y. Division of M. Lowenstein & Sons, Inc.





Oberon \$4.00



Vaire \$3.50



Deft \$3.50

Crescendoe Gloves...fashions of slender elegance in shades of Spring. Leather-tailored of Wonder-fabric that's soil-resistant, easy to wash and always looks new.

**Crescendoe**  
*gloves by Superb*

at your favorite store, or write: Crescendoe Gloves  
Crescendoe Road, Johnstown, New York

*Gman*





ARNEL\*

\*This is the official Arnel symbol—evidence that this fabric of this new triacetate fiber has been pre-tested for performance claimed.

## Sacony's "priceless look" in drip-dry Arnel jersey

**Arnel Triacetate** is the new Celanese ease-of-care fiber. You'll be delighted Arnel was knitted into this soft pleated jersey. Such a priceless look, such luxurious qualities. It takes seconds to wash, drip dries in minutes, absolutely no ironing, and you're ready to go—"anywhere." Another Sacony fashion-first that belies its tiny price tag.

**"Ciella" Jersey Dress by Sacony.** In white, with black or brown dots, or in navy with white. Misses' sizes, about \$23. At fine stores everywhere.

Celanese Corporation of America, New York 16.

Celanese® Arnel®

ARNEL . . . A

*Celanese*

CONTEMPORARY FIBER





SHORT SLEEVED CHIFFON CLASSIC WITH MATCHING SWEATER. (SEE PAGE 56 FOR STORE LIST.)

## SUMMER SMOKE DREAMS

*filtered-light fashions by David Crystal*

*filtered-right cigarette by KENT*



*Smart Summer Smoking . . .*

*KENT . . .*

*the mild cigarette.*

*You'll love its*

*mild, fresh,*

*clean taste.*





...IN EXQUISITE FORM

THE LADY IS YOU!



And such a desirable you, in Contour Witchery! Gentle flat Ribbon Wire\*, outlines each cup, molds your natural curves to new beauty, and there's no annoying center wire. Perfect for evening with its removable, movable straps, yet adaptable for daytime, all the time. Try Contour Witchery's 6-way magic today — and you'll always ask for Exquisite Form bras.

\*T.M. Reg.

*A, B, C cups in embroidered cotton with wafer-thin lining. Long-length torso version . . . style 8432, \$10.00. Style 4432 (illus.), white and black,*

**\$3.95**

—GOWN BY SAMUEL WINSTON

At Your Favorite Store, or Write to Dept. V-4, Exquisite Form Brassiere, Inc., 159 Madison Ave., N. Y. C., for Nearest Store.





LONG SLEEVED SHIRT DRESS SOFTLY TAILORED IN CHIFFON AND LINEN. (SEE PAGE 56 FOR STORES.)

## SUMMER SMOKE DREAMS

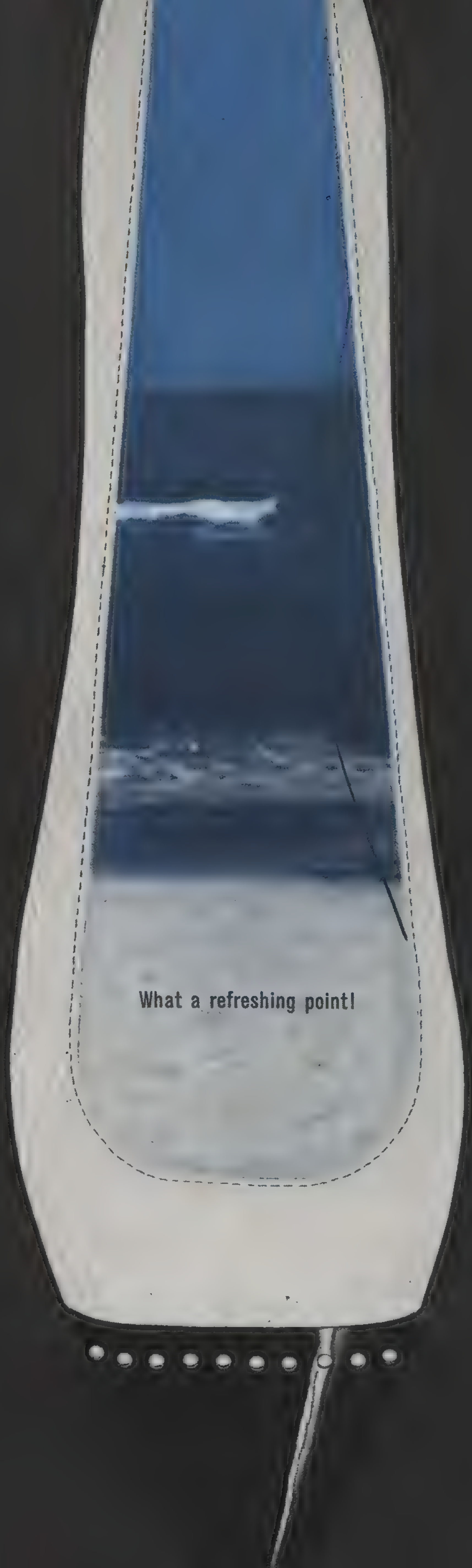
*filtered-light fashions by David Crystal*

*filtered-right cigarette by KENT*



*Smart Summer Smoking...  
KENT...  
the mild cigarette.  
You'll love its  
easy-draw  
Micronite Filter.*





What a refreshing point!

Fashion points out the smart spectator, about \$18

(slightly higher Denver west) For store names write Mademoiselle Shoes, Empire State Bldg., N. Y.

the fashion shoe





LATE DAY DRESS OF CHIFFON WITH MATCHING SWEATER. (SEE PAGE 56 FOR STORE LIST.)

## SUMMER SMOKE DREAMS

*filtered-light fashions by David Crystal*

*filtered-right cigarette by KENT*



Smart Summer Smoking...  
KENT...

*the mild cigarette.*  
This premium quality  
cigarette is now at  
popular filter price!





Photographed at Bay Roc, Montego Bay, Jamaica, B. W. I., by Kuhner

## New boudoir species: everblooming embroidery!

Embroidered on both the gown and the peignoir — multi-colored flower garden buds, blooming through delicate lattice-work of dainty nylon Val lace.

Come into this lovely garden — every morning, every evening. Both gown and peignoir of Van Raalte's own Opaquelon® nylon tricot — and at such hardy-perennial prices! In four petal-pretty colors... Blue Horizon, Cloud White, Mimosa and Primrose Pink. At your nicest stores.

#8938, the gown; in sizes 32 to 38.....\$10.95

#8703, the peignoir; small, medium, large.....\$14.95

*Because you love nice things* **Van Raalte** GLOVES • STOCKINGS • LINGERIE





SLEEVELESS SHIRT DRESS IN CHIFFON AND LINEN. (SEE PAGE 56 FOR STORE LIST.)

## SUMMER SMOKE DREAMS

*filtered-light fashions by David Crystal*  
*filtered-right cigarette by KENT*



*Smart Summer Smoking...  
 KENT...  
 the mild cigarette.  
 You'll love its  
 full, rich  
 flavor.*

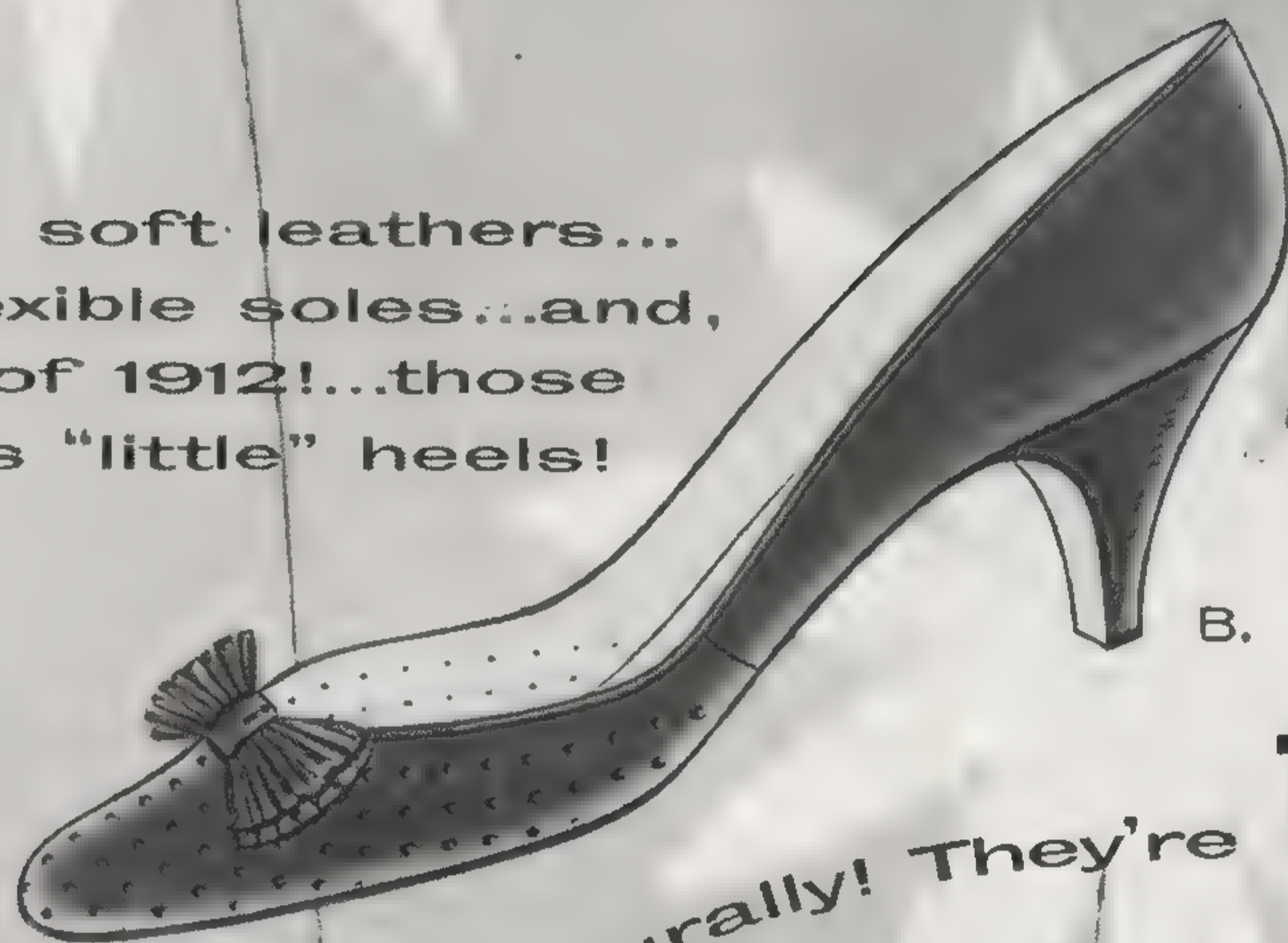


# Spring...

**YOU...  
on the heels  
of fashion**



Deliciously soft leathers...  
ever-so-flexible soles...and,  
shades of 1912!...those  
fabulous "little" heels!



A perfect fit? Naturally! They're

**Natural Bridge**  
Shoes<sup>®</sup>


A. "The Bayside", in white textured leather strikingly combined with French Bread smooth leather. Equally effective in combination of white textured leather and black patent.

B. "The Avis", in Flight Blue textured leather.

Natural Bridge Shoes are priced at  
**\$9<sup>95</sup> to \$13<sup>95</sup>**  
Distant points slightly higher

For name of nearest dealer, address:  
**NATURAL BRIDGE SHOEMAKERS**  
Division of Craddock-Terry Shoe Corporation, Lynchburg, Va.





Nettie Rosenstein's

chiffon shirtwaist

reveals the lightness,

conceals the strength of

DU PONT **Nylon**



BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

**Fashion in motion** . . . and thanks to Du Pont nylon, this filmy drift of chiffon is completely practical, too. Nylon's lightweight strength, pigeonhole packability and care-free upkeep make it a

favorite of fashionables at home or en route. Garden-party print in topaz with yellow. Sizes 8 to 18. About \$185. At I. Magnin; Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Harzfeld's; Jenny Co.

DU PONT MAKES FIBERS, DOES NOT MAKE THE FABRIC OR DRESS SHOWN HERE.



First lady's electric shaver to shave



*new* Remington  
Princess

electric shaver with  
"beauty care action"



# razor-close without razor-scrape!

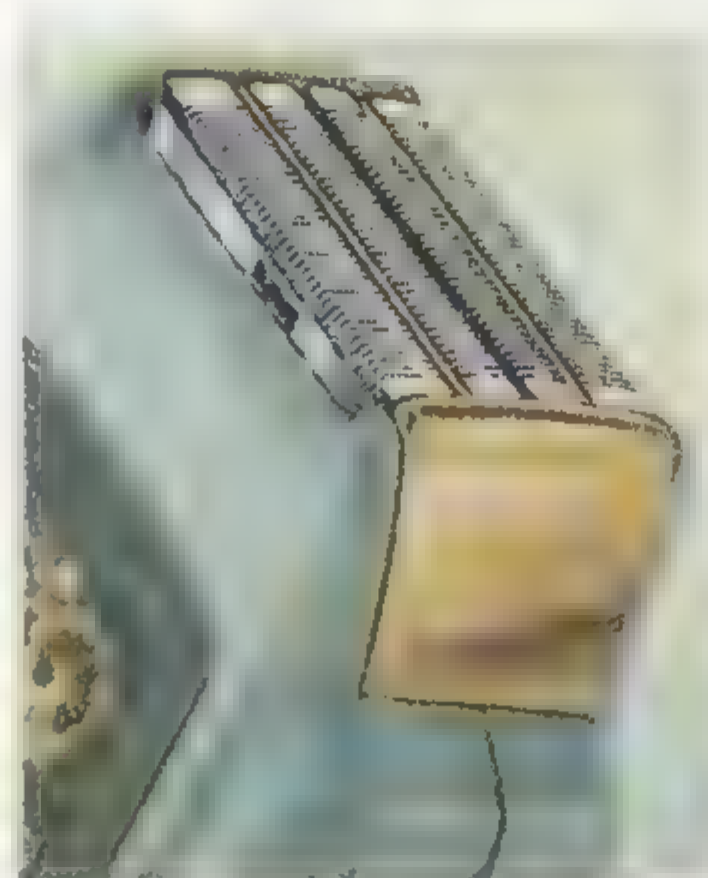


Meet the totally new Princess! Its wonderful "Beauty Care Action" outmodes all those irritating so-called "safety" razors and is proved *twice as good as single-edge* electrics!

*This* shaver makes it possible for you to groom your legs and underarms in *seconds* with care-free assurance. For the Remington Princess has 8 busy shaving edges that stroke away more hair in a single sweep than any one-edge shaver possibly can. And while it shaves sleek and close, the *exclusive* Remington Guard Comb eliminates forever your cares of nicking and razor scrape.

Trust the "Beauty Care Action" of the Princess to be everything you could wish for in a shaver!

**Only the Princess does all the things razors and other electrics should do!**



*Remington's exclusive Guard Comb protects tender skin. You can't nick or scrape yourself with the Princess.*

*8 Shaving edges! Shaves back and forth—no other shaver does!*

*You needn't switch from one side to another for underarms and legs, as you must with one-way shavers.*

*Hugs your hand . . . so light, so easy to hold.*

*Works in a whisper.*



*In a lovely jewelry-type case*

*. . . a treasured possession or a proud gift.*

(Available at leading Department, Jewelry, Appliance and Drug stores everywhere.)





JACK WOLFGANG BECK

## GOING YOUR WAY--HAYMAKERS®



Here, there, everywhere, the white foot will take the smartest steps this summer. For the walk of your life, supple, snowy white Haymakers, pampering you with their hand-cobbled softness. In a wardrobe of colors, too. The Pump in kip-calfskin, about \$15; bucko suede, about \$16. The Wedge-Tie in kip-calfskin, about \$16. For store nearest you, write to Haymaker Shoe Corp., Dept. V4, 47 W. 34th Street, New York, N. Y.





*White is a wonder...* white is flattery...white is witchery...white is so elegant in the Golden Manner of Monet. Delectable frosting for summer costumes ...perfect foil for sun-kissed complexions. Each piece bears the Monet signature.

Necklaces, top down: Susanna 7.50, Lorient 10, Navarre 12.50, Palinda 18.50. Bracelets: left—Palinda 18.50; right—top down: Delmar 6, Orlando 7.50, Deauville 6, Desaine 10, Monterrey 5. Earring: Orlando 6. All prices plus tax.

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**Monet**  
master jeweler  
At fine stores





to cast a spell of loveliness  
over any shade of hair  
**WITHOUT TINTING OR DYEING**

Exclusive creme base in TIZ- conditions hair,  
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Rinse to give it the look of *natural* loveliness.

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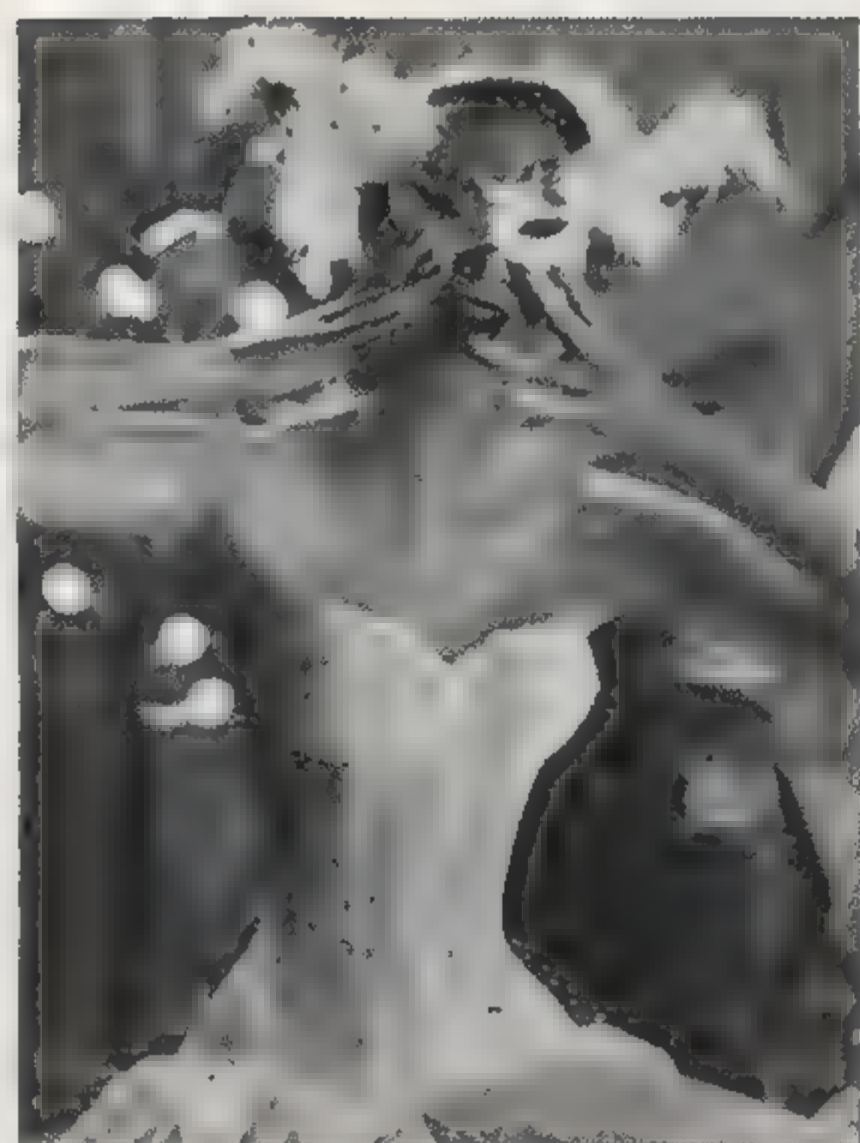
APRIL 15, 1957





# A little of the Lady vanishes in Merry Widow by Warner's

#1317. Above: Embroidered nylon and elastic marquisette. Dipped in back. Star White, Midnight Black, Dawn Pink, Lilac Mist, Heaven Blue, Sea Mist. \$15.00



#1328. Right: Embroidered cotton and elastic marquisette. Foam-lined cups for perfect fit. In White . . . . . \$10.95  
In Black . . . . . \$12.50

If you're the (daring) darling of your group, you know that if it isn't by Warner's, it just isn't a Merry Widow®. After all, Merry Widow was invented by Warner's. Each year they bring out exciting new versions of this charmer—to mold you under the latest looks. Here, for instance, two of the season's most scintillating—in the new mood, and as essential to gala evenings as your most captivating smile.

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A 1957-FIFTH AVE. STYLED  
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just wrap up and mail your old fur coat to us. Write dress size, height and initials on separate postal card. **SEND NO MONEY.** Pay postman \$22.95 plus postage when your new style arrives. **AVOID THE RUSH. ORDER NOW!**

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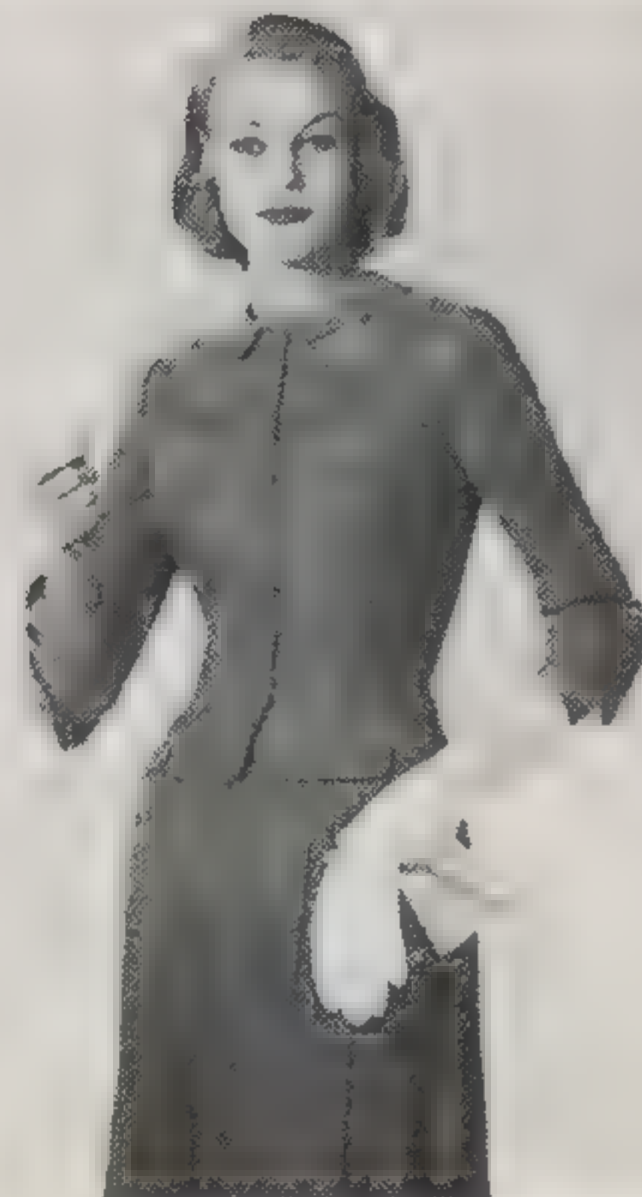


**SHOP**

*Tweed—good travelling.*

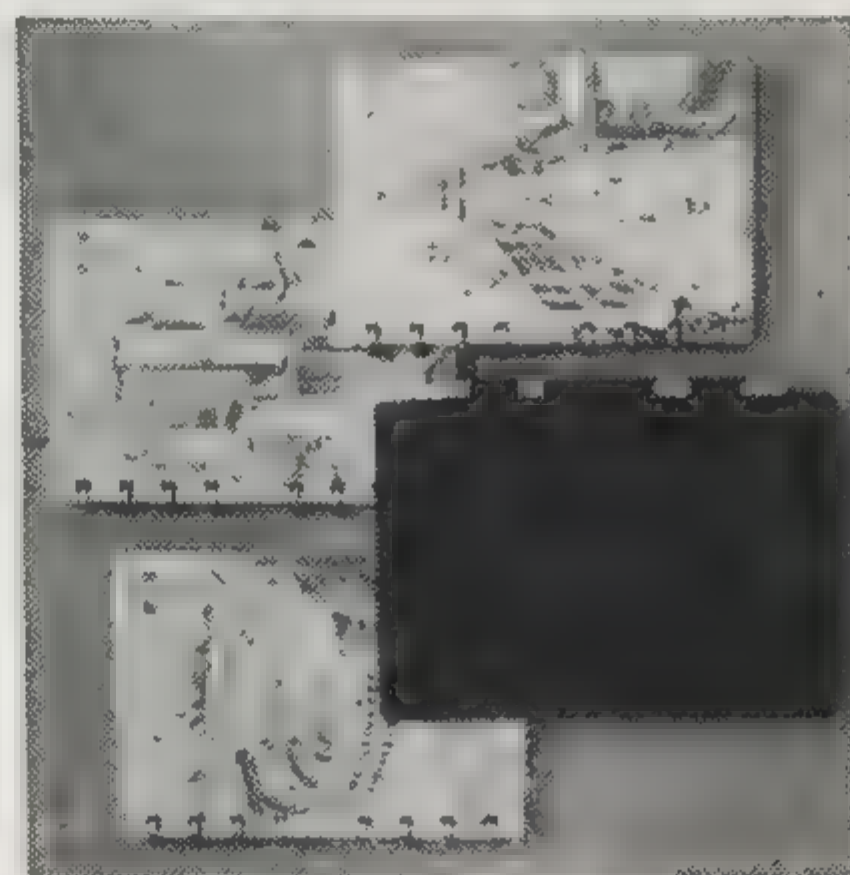
From this shop: suits made to order in the tweed (or solid, or tartan) of your choice. This, a nubby yellow and grey plaid, with an easy fan-pleated skirt, a fitted jacket; \$295.

From British Tweeds, 727 Madison Ave., New York 21.



*Small-pocket agenda.*

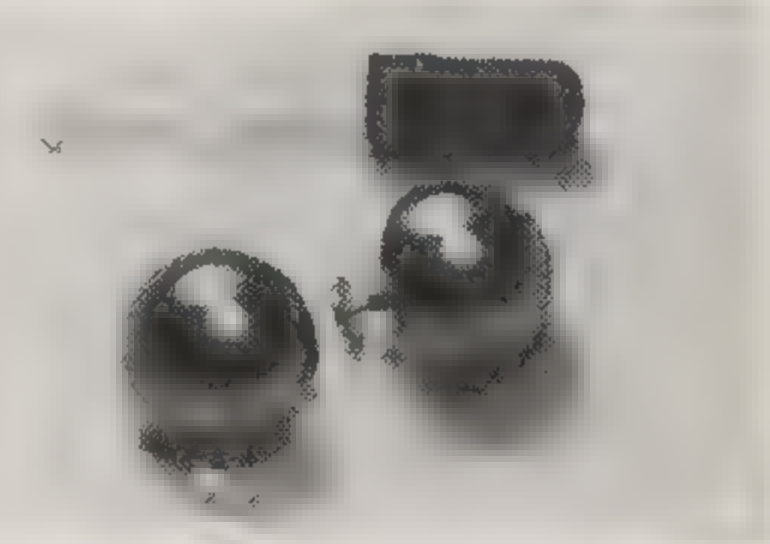
Tiny (4" x 3") soft, black calfskin, looseleaf notebook that fastens with its own golden mechanical pencil, has extra fillers in abundance. Nice for the traveller—domestic or foreign. \$10. Gucci. 7 East 58th St., New York 22.



*Earring news: perfume cache.*

Little ball-shaped earrings with this news: they're hollowed to provide space for a bit of cotton to soak with perfume (keep a fragrance going all day).

In gilt, \$3.95 the pair, postpaid. Dorothy's, Box 6, Roslyn Heights, Long Island, New York.



*Beauty salon for shoes:* What can make shoes beautiful again is "Nelsonizing," a term that can mean anything right up to the complete re-building of a stand-by pair of shoes over a new last (expert craftsmen oversee each step of the operation). Nelsonizing can also mean widening or lengthening shoes that don't quite fit; dyeing or re-suèding; re-vamping (literally); or changing heels to a new height or width (this alone can often bring shoes a change of pace). For prices per specific job, the procedure is: write B. Nelson, 10 East 39th Street, New York 16.

*Flowers for a suit.*

A scarf of silk taffeta with a water print of pink and turquoise on white; a band of moss-green velvet.

Nice way to tie the flower idea into a spring suit. \$15.

Lilly Daché Boutique, 78 East 56th Street, New York 22, New York.



MIEHLMANN



# HOUND

...some travel plans



## A golden pencil.

Here, a gold-filled automatic ruler-pencil that telescopes from a full 12" length into a compact little 4 inches. Shaped on the square, it's a good present idea for a man. \$25 inc. tax, ppd. Johnston Jewelers, Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, Park Ave., at 49th St., N. Y. 17.

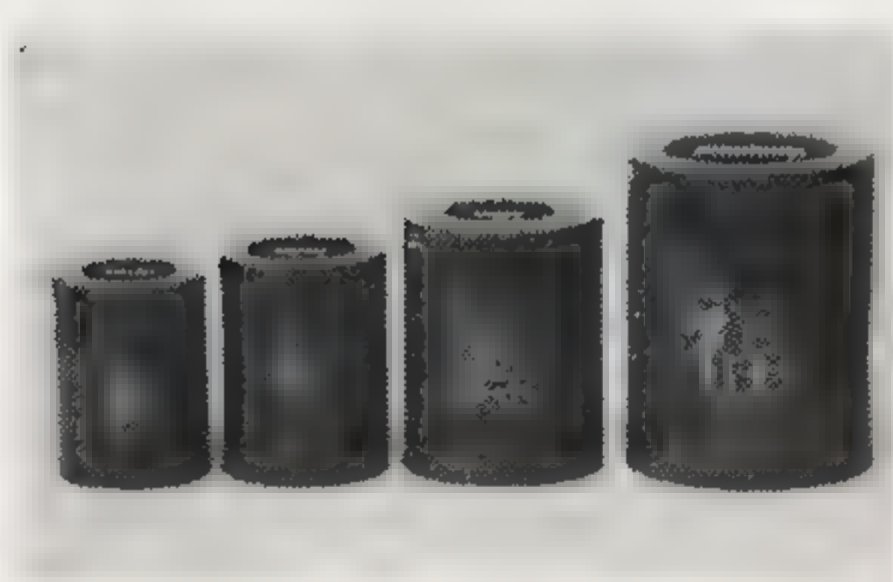
## Cashmere sweatering—fur-lined.

For evenings on the cool side, here or abroad: a cashmere cardigan lined with fur. This, grey with deep red moleskin lining. Sweater, in any colour with red, black, navy-blue, or forest-green lining. Sizes 12 to 16. \$80 plus tax. Morris Hessel, 231 West 29th St., New York 1.



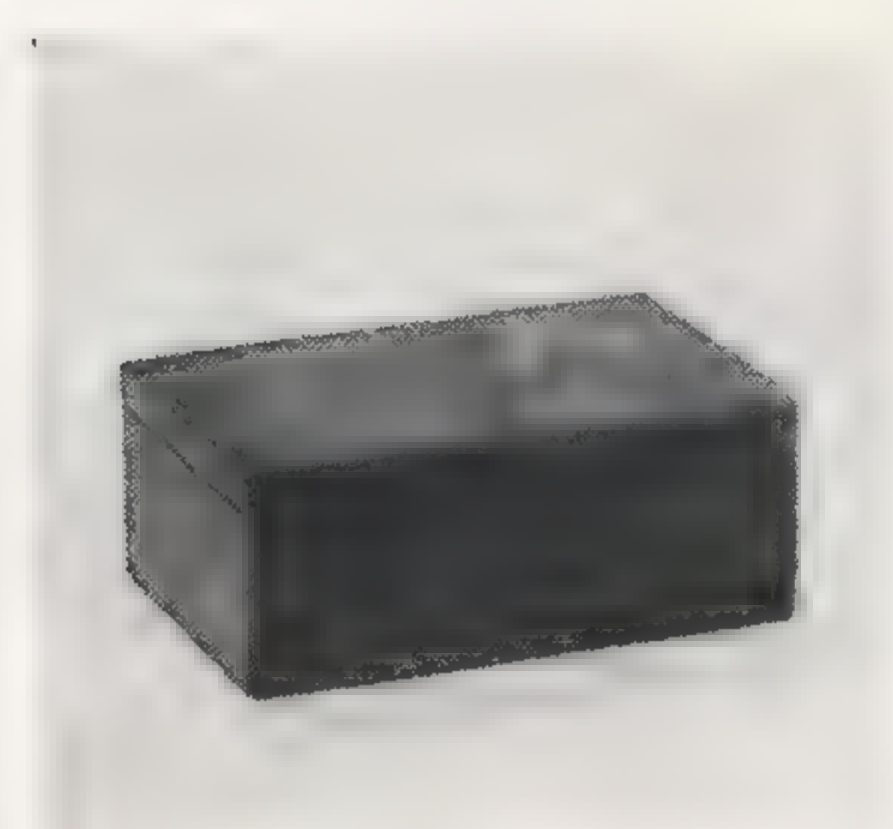
## Kitchen quartet,

a set of graduated canisters that handle the kitchen storage problem handsomely, colourfully. In lacquered red metal with a black or gold symbol on the side; they range in size from 5" to 8". \$5.95 the set. Galleria, 143 E. 54th St., N. Y. 22.



## For a fresh, new feeling—a tranquillizing salon session.

Take your pick of these (or a full course that could also include passive exercise or a heat bath): foot massage to erase pavement weariness; one treatment, \$3.50 (ten, \$30). Body massage that provides a deep and thorough toning of tired muscles; \$7, a single treatment; \$36 for six. A shower after this (optional) makes the program of special interest to women who specialize in rushing from desk to dinner-table. The hours are 10 A.M. to 7 P.M. including Saturday. Lucille Bouchard, Hotel Delmonico, Park Avenue at 59th Street, New York 22, N. Y.



Alabaster cigarette chest: a little box from Italy (king-size cigarette size) to use singly or in groups as a bright accent in a house. In turquoise, royal blue, or Chinese red. \$4.25 each, inc. tax, postage paid. Tomorrow's Heirlooms, 134 Liberty St., New York 6.

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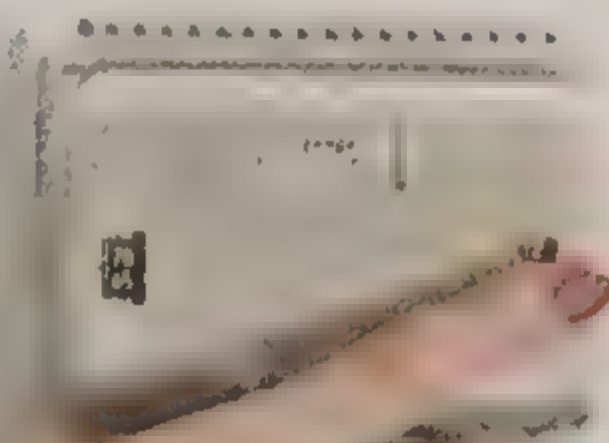


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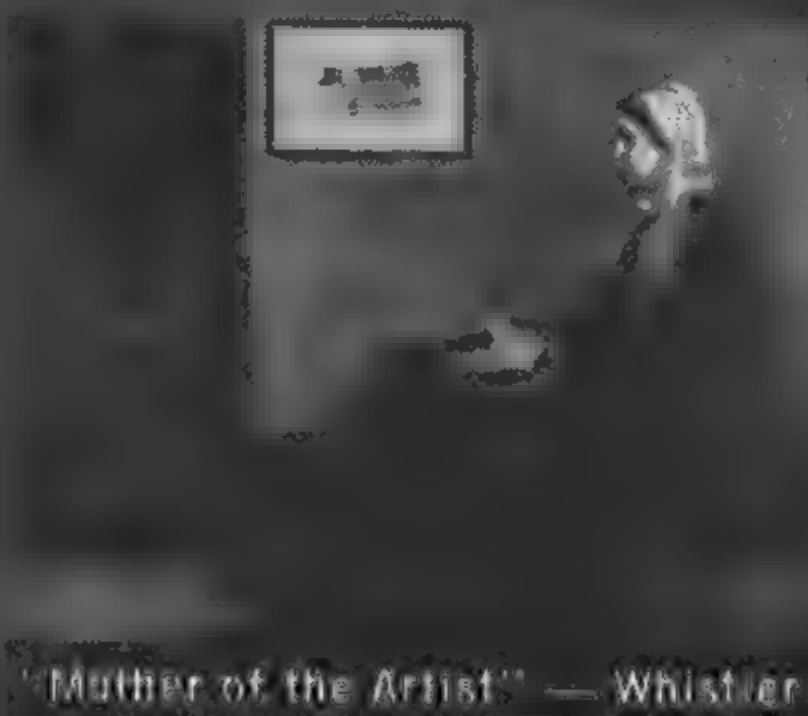


  
Schranks



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• Directors of travel groups, summer camps and schools listed on these pages will gladly send you complete details about their programs. If you would like a wider choice, write for Vogue's Directory of Camps, Summer Schools, Trips for 1957.  
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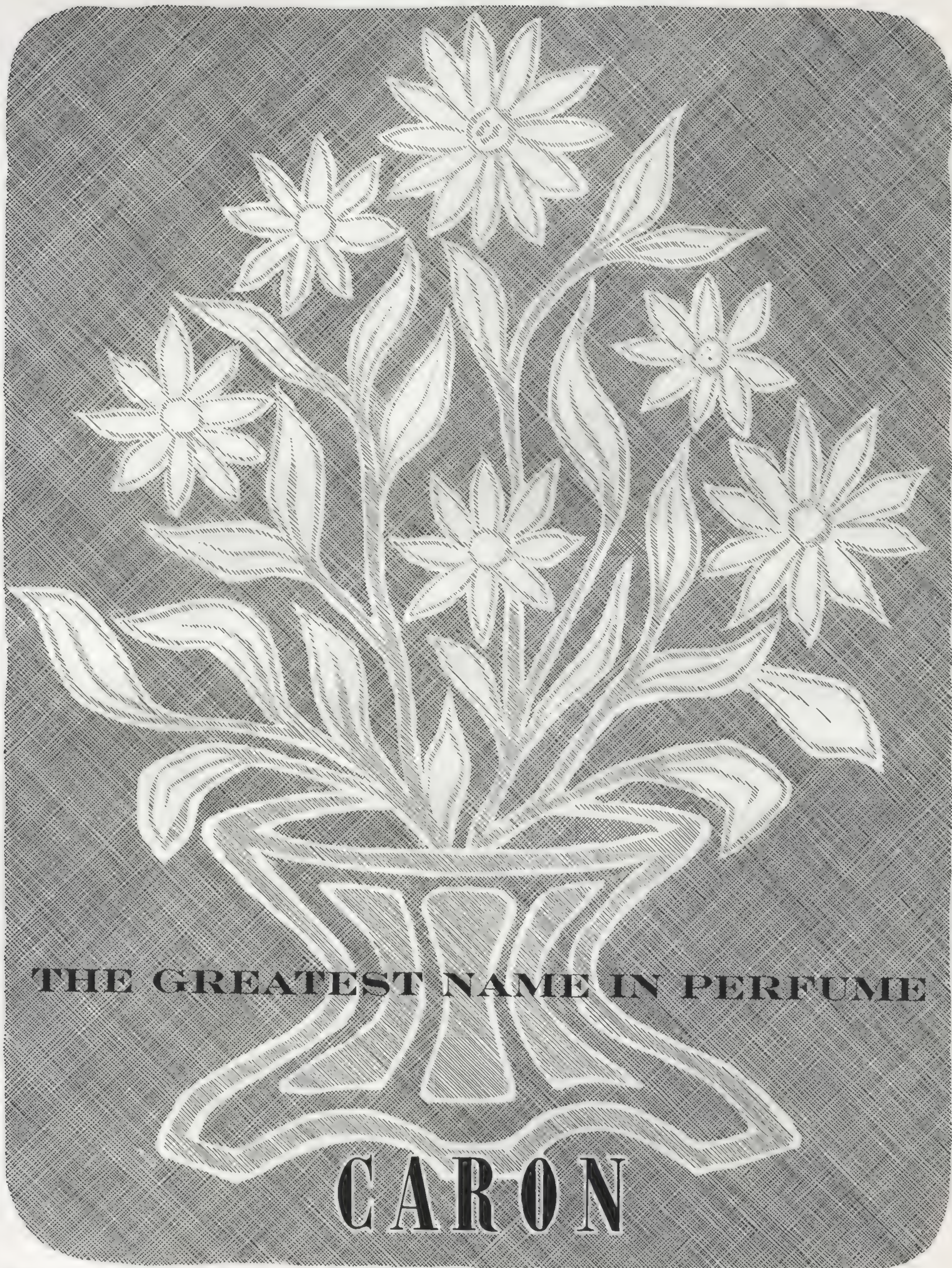
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# VOGUE

APRIL 15, 1957





RAWLINGS

EDNA WOOLMAN CHASE

March 14, 1877 — March 20, 1957



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**E**dna Woolman Chase was a remarkable woman—remarkable for her day, or for any day. Together with Condé Nast, she made Vogue a magazine that has helped to shape the taste and manners of America. She pioneered in the fashion world and cut an editorial path that no woman had ever walked before. She came to Vogue in 1895 as an eighteen-year-old girl. She stayed with Vogue for the rest of her eighty years; was, successively, Editor-in-Chief of the three Vogues—American, British, French; Chairman of the Editorial Board; Editor Emeritus. Her life and her life's work, the person she became and the magazine she made, are woven into the American pattern.

She had a look of fragile prettiness, but she had passionate convictions and defended them passionately; had fiery enthusiasms and made fiery converts of her staff. She stimulated, demanded, searched forever for the best there was—and then demanded better than that. She was a unique, exciting influence inside and outside her profession. Her mark is on a whole generation of editors who worked under her, learned from her, and carried away with them something of her scorn for the second-rate.

For the Vogue staff and for hundreds of former associates, there is the memory of a witty, outspoken woman whose incisive mind and fearlessly strong character also included an endearing, daily, affectionate warmth. She had Quaker wisdom and Quaker common sense, intensified by the experience of a lifetime spent in one pursuit. And yet she had time for an abiding interest in the things that make every woman's life—a constant concern for her own house and family, for creating a charming atmosphere wherever she lived.

For those of us who have worked with her, there is—over and above our pride in her greatness, beyond our gratitude for her unshakable friendship, gaiety and goodness—another legacy that was her own core: the burning belief that “people *ought* to do well.”

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# NEW TRAVEL PLEASURES 1957

"Men love newfangledness," said Chaucer. Here are some 1957 new-fanglers which could not have been seen last year. Some are ravishments lost in time but fortunately found again. Some are just new. Some just increase the speed of getting to the old.

The new biweekly flights across the North Pole, from Copenhagen to Tokyo, with their vantage view of the aurora borealis.

In Venice, the Doge's private apartments in the ducal palace are reopened, their sixteenth-century splendour refreshed and seeable for the first time since World War I. Among the treasures: twelve paintings by Tintoretto and Veronese in the Hall of the Philosophers.

New places to hear music: at the twin-towered Cologne Opera House, the opening opera on May 15 will be Weber's *Oberon*; at Puerto Rico the great Pablo Casals will play with such assembled talents as Eugene Istomin, Isaac Stern, and Rudolph Serkin; from April 22 to May 8.

Eugene O'Neill's unpublished play, *A Touch of the Poet*, will be given a smashing production at the Swedish Festival in Stockholm, June 2 to 14. These dates overlap happily with Norway's musical plans for the fiftieth anniversary of Edvard Grieg's death, and with Finland's Sibelius Festival at Helsinki. Dublin's first drama festival plays from May 12 to 26; the drama, naturally, is Irish—O'Casey and Yeats blooming again at the Abbey and the Globe.

Splendid Czechoslovakian paintings of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, rare manuscripts, and sculpture—mostly from the highly inaccessible National Museum at Prague—will be shown in Paris at the Musée des Arts Décoratifs from June 12 to October.

In Madrid, the Lázaro Galdiano Museum is opening a new third floor, packed with cleverly displayed Pisanello coins, ancient armour, Moorish brocades, and fifteenth-century medals.

The speed-up in the new Ticket Sales and Service Bureau at Pennsylvania Station in New York; tickets sold by electronics.

The Renaissance castle of the Sforza family, rulers of Milan from 1450 to 1535, is now a museum, handsomely reorganized by the *avant-garde* architects, Rogers, Belgiojoso, and Peressutti. Among other riches, it has a burnished display of arms and armour, a foresty ceiling painted by Leonardo da Vinci.

The new Museum of Modern Art in Rio de Janeiro will open this fall with a show of Brazilian painters: among them Portinari, Cavalcanti, and Guignard. A low-slung, modern building designed by Alfonso Eduardo Reidy, it seems to float cleanly on the bay, is built, actually, on a concealed slither of peninsula.

## THE REOPENING OF THE THEATRE OF KING LOUIS XV AT VERSAILLES

When this extravagant charmer of a theatre was reopened in a blaze of chandeliers shining on blue silk velvet chairs (750 of them), the Queen of England with Prince Philip was invited to be the guest of honour of the French Government on the afternoon of April 9. Designed by Gabriel for the marriage of the future King Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, this beautiful theatre has been closed, as a theatre, since the French Revolution. Shown here: grey chiffon dress and chinchilla cape by Lanvin-Castillo. At I. Magnin.









IN PARIS:  
DRESSES FOR A  
QUEEN'S GALA

Two quietly sensational dresses from the new Paris Collections — of such luxury and elegance that they're events in themselves. *Left:* Diaphanous slenderness — white nylon tulle dress with milk-white spangles and floating stole. From Dior.

*Right:* Turquoise-blue silk, gold-embroidered, obi-fastened — most brilliant of Lanvin-Castillo's new, free-flowing lines.

*Both dresses in America:* I. Magnin.











# New travel wardrobe idea: *5 coats and a sheath*

Here is a new idea to dismantle the cliché that cautions travellers to "take only one coat, and wear it over everything." The new premise: just the reverse—many coats, fewer dresses. Reasoning behind this? Most climates, holiday, or not, require a wrap—if not by nature's decree, then by air conditioning's. Coats provide the fashion here; put a wardrobe's variety where it shows—outside. On these pages are five getaway coats that weigh (and cost) no more than dresses, to wear over any little zero-weight sheath. One is a cool cotton print, another (the warmest) is wool jersey, and three are, secretly, raincoats.

You could take this wardrobe of all five, add sheaths to taste—and you'd be equipped for just about any situation, any weather, anywhere.

*Opposite page:* Newest summer coat going—flower-printed cotton. This, slim, rose-blooming, white printed in pinks and greens—and worn with more news: a cotton hat of a different flower.

Coat and black Irish linen sheath, by Kasper; about \$90. Lucille bag; Hansen cotton gloves. All at Bonwit Teller. Costume, also at Hudson's; I. Magnin. Hat, by Sally Victor.

Germaine Monteil's French Rose lipstick.

*Right:* Underlying sheath for all coats on these pages—black rib-knitted cotton. By Sportwhirl, of Permathal Everglaze cotton by Alamac; about \$18. Organdie hat, Betmar. Bienen-Davis bag. All at Bonwit Teller. Dress, also at Woodward & Lothrop; I. Magnin.







### 5-coat wardrobe *continued*

*Coat, left:* Showing the light side of the 5-coat wardrobe—a creamy Avisco rayon-cotton-silk (by Fabrex) that doesn't shy away from rain; it's a raincoat that doesn't look it (as are all three coats on these pages). By Weatherbee. \$40, at Bonwit Teller; Wanamaker's, Phila.

Reversible hat: same as on preceding page, here turned backward.

*Sheath, above:* Beige knitted linen, with short cuffed sleeves. By Goldworm, \$40, at Bonwit Teller.

*Sheath, below:* Navy-blue knitted wool, ribbed to look like pleats. By Banff. \$35, at Bonwit Teller. Natural straw hat, Sally Victor.

RUTLEDGE







*Coat, left:* The late-day and evening coat of the 5-coat wardrobe: blue and black printed Celanese acetate taffeta.

By Sherbrooke, about \$28, at Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin.

*Sheath, above:* Knitted linen-and-rayon, in beige, white-flecked.

By L'Aiglon, \$23.

Josef bag. Both at Lord & Taylor.

John Frederics straw cloche.

*Coat, right:* The black coat of this 5-coat wardrobe, for day, night, rain, shine. Tucked silk broadcloth by Lawrence of London (of a Triplex fabric); about \$110; at Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin.

*Sheath, below:* Natural knitted linen, jacketed with same. By Zolot, \$65.

Hat by Madcaps. All at

Bonwit Teller. Mark Cross bag.









# 3 PLACES TO REMEMBER IN JAPAN, GREECE, AND INDIA

By Nancy Wilson Ross

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Nancy Wilson Ross, the author of I, My Ancestor and The Left Hand Is the Dreamer, is both a perceptive writer and a consistently curious and enchanted traveller; she writes here of triple peaks in retrospect. Her new novel, The Return of Lady B., which she describes as "not a whodunit, though it might be said to be one," has been in the final writing this winter on the Florida coast with "the pelicans lounging around in the wind."*

It is tantalizing to try to decide just what qualities, or combination of qualities, make a given place unforgettable. Why is it that certain scenes linger provocatively in the memory like geographic ghosts, to reappear at moments when the mind is still, rising before the inner eye after many years with more vividness than experiences of yesterday?

Sometimes, to be sure, these geographic ghosts are elusive. They lurk, half-formed, on the outskirts of recollection, refusing altogether to take clear shape, or doing so only after persistent effort. Again a single phrase can conjure them forth with an astonishing and vivid immediacy. I, for instance, need only read the words—now so popular in regional travel guides—"the great rain forests of the Pacific Northwest," to be seized by a compelling nostalgia.

## 5-coat wardrobe wind-up: wool jersey

*Opposite page:* A getaway coat on a smart scale (literally)—and both are travel tips. The coat is navy-blue wool jersey, completes the 5-coat wardrobe idea by taking care of cooler days.

Second travel tip: pre-weighing airplane luggage, at home.

Weigh yourself, with and *without* it. The difference: avoirdupois of bags. Fashion Towne coat, about \$55 at Bonwit Teller;

Julius Garfinckel; Neiman-Marcus. Straw hat by Betmar, and canvas bag (in right hand), also at Bonwit Teller. Evins shoes at I. Miller.

In left hand: Hartmann luggage. Detecto scale: Hammacher Schlemmer.

At once I return, with feelings both sad and delicious, to memories of my childhood.


Yet what I most often see are not the great and obvious panoramas, those magnificent compositions of snow-capped peaks and flowered mountain slopes, wild beaches and quiet bays of this lavishly endowed Far Western landscape. I see, instead, something much more intimate, personal, magical. Sun is sifting in pale golden bands through the branches of enormous firs, stretching high above me. Down slants the light along the grey-green of the tree boles, to sieve through the spears and plumes of giant ferns so implausible that Henri Rousseau might have imagined them, until at last it reaches the level of a child's, or even a chipmunk's, eye. Here the journeying light pauses to reveal the minute lichen landscapes, the hills and meadows of the insect world, which, for the moment, have become my world. The light spots the cold toadstool, the eerie ghost-white of Indian pipes, the pale stars of the trillium, the sudden sharp surprise in the green gloom of a bed of wild bleeding hearts. This memory is compounded not only of sights but of sounds: the secret breathing of the forest, the creeping of invisible life, the subtle, almost inaudible murmurs and sighs of decay and growth. With them come scents and smells as well: damp moss, warm pine needles, resin, leaf mould, the perfume of petals, the spice of the ginger flower, the salt of a never-far-distant sea.

Recollections of this kind are, of course, intensely personal but they are shared, I fancy, to some extent by all who as children were able to immerse themselves in the twilight spell of lonely woods—a type of experience for which Lévy-Brühl's famous phrase "*participation mystique*" seems altogether apt. Oddly enough all the places—scattered in different parts of the world—which remain forever memorable to me must possess some of the qualities that keep these forest scenes so alive in my memory: an outward beauty, an aura of mystery, a suggestion of invisible, powerful forces, the feeling of an ancient past living on into the present, creating a sense of timelessness.

With no effort at all there rise to the surface of my mind three places which, in one way or another, embody these qualities. One is in Japan, the small Sacred Island of Miyajima. One is in Greece, a specific journey from Athens to the ruins of Poseidon's temple above the sea at Sunium. One, in India: the District of Darjeeling, far to the north, the gateway to Tibet and the Himalayas.

The Shrine Island of Miyajima at the northern end of Japan's Inland Sea was so sacred to the Japanese for generations that not until the late nineteenth century were those two inevitable steps in the mystery of human life—birth and death—permitted to take place within its precincts. The old and the ill and those about to give birth were transported to the mainland to await these great personal events. Rules for preserving Miyajima's tranquility are no longer as extreme, but the island still retains much of its unearthly quiet and peace; still seems somehow to rest outside the boundaries of fixed time. To me it represents, on a slightly larger scale, just what the formal tea ceremony in the secluded teahouse represents in miniature: a respite from pressure, from clock-time; silence and leisure in which to savour beauty—both natural and man-made. On Miyajima the three-sided wooden Shinto temple is built out over the sea in such a way that it floats magically when the tide comes in. The famous red torii, or gateway, a symbol from the mythology of prehistoric Nippon, stands in bright silhouette against the blue, or grey, of sky and water. Along *(Continued on page 131)*





# P ROVENCE, THE LONG SWEET VIEW

If good Americans, when they die, go to Paris, good Parisians, when they die, fly south to the pleasure cities in the sun of Provence. But the *Provençaux*—the big-talking, heavy-eating, impetuous, earth-loving people of Provence—stay at home when they die, if they're given any word to say about it. They don't go anywhere; they sit tight, close above the shining Mediterranean where the fish dish, bouillabaisse, grows, close upon the dry and silvery land of the olive and the cypress.

How do I know? I've been flatly told. A whiskery old gentleman sunning himself on a park bench in Aix said to me one day as I was coming down the road from Avignon, "Where else in heaven or on earth will you find the magic light that Cézanne loved? The honeyed light, the sunflower colours that Vincent Van Gogh laid on thick and pure? Where else the Alpilles, the baby Alps of wild and lovely limestone? Trade these for Elysian fields?"

"No, no—but no!" he said. "*Figurez-vous, mon cher*. We have here, exclusively, the wines of Cassis and Châteauneuf-du-Pape, plus the most garlic, the best sun, and always the long sweet view down the Rhône and across the lilac mountains. Where else, I ask you, is perfect harmony in a befuddled universe?"

In such a primary underscoring of values, you discover—early—the essence of Provence. The water may not run from the tap, the telegram may be delivered tardily, but there are always, in counterbalance, wine, sun, and soaring scenery.

A country within a country, Provence is also to a very large extent a state of mind. Provence is France, but something more than French. Hugging the Mediterranean, five hundred miles due south of Paris, it is occasionally a little Arabian, but above all else, Latin. With its own language and its own law, Provence ex-

THE FAMOUS COURS MIRABEAU AT AIX-EN-PROVENCE



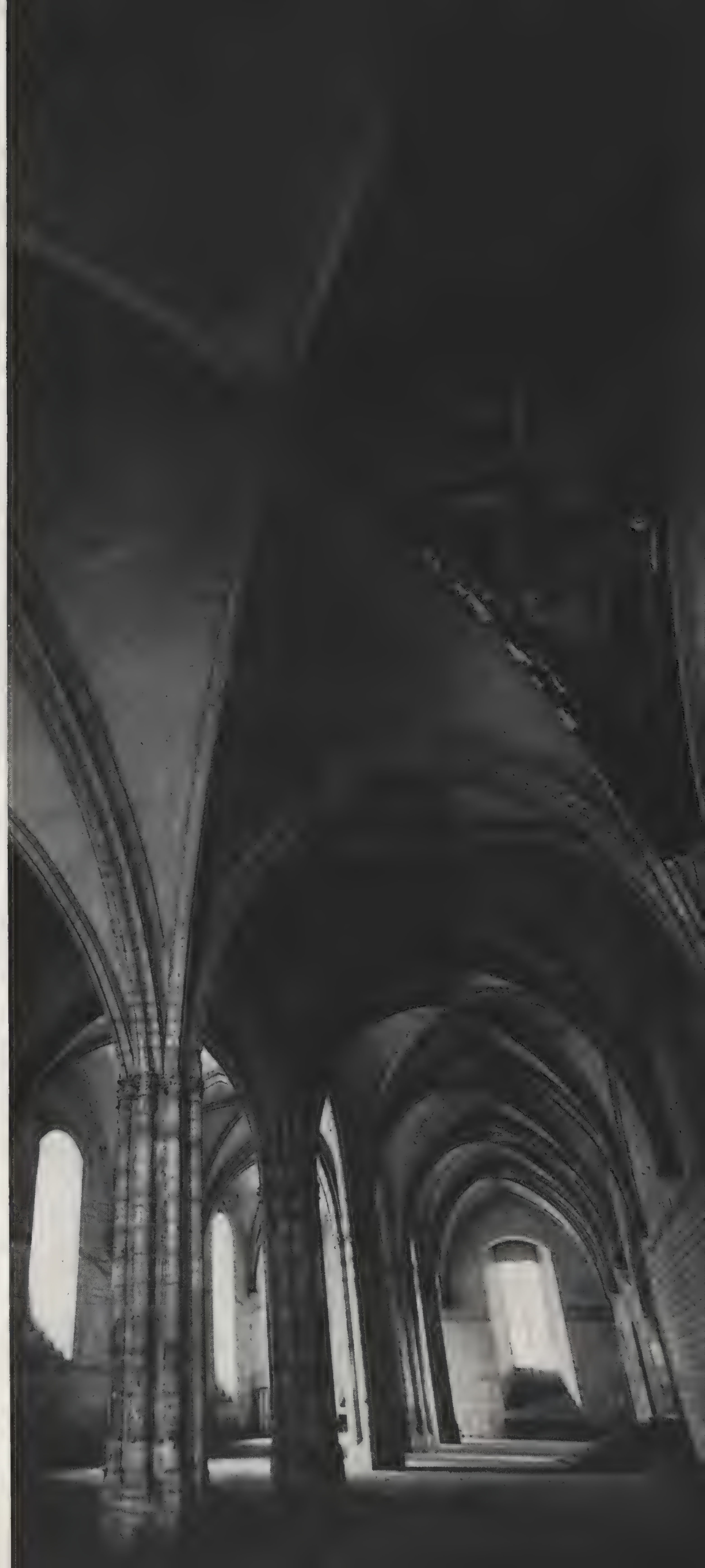
## By William Krauss

isted until relatively recent times quite separate from the other provinces of France. Although it came under the rule of Louis XI in 1481, as late as the early seventeenth century, Provence retained a measure of independent government.

The story, the recorded story, opens with a boatload of Phocaeans from Asia Minor who, crowded at home by the Persians, carried the grape, the olive, and their civilization into the region at least six hundred years before Christ. When the Romans turned up in the second century B.C. they called the land *Provincia romana*—the Roman province, hence Provence. They developed grand cities—Aix, Arles, Avignon, Orange—and temples, forums, aqueducts, a web of roads. "*Italia verius quam provincia*," said Pliny—more like Italy than a province. The natural boundaries, then as now, were the Mediterranean on the south, Italy on the east, the lusty river Rhône on the west, and the Dauphiné Alps on the northeast. To the north, then as now, there existed people of a different spirit, leading colder lives.

I would despair of erecting the barest framework of the history of Provence with dates and dynasties. There have been so many occupants, before and after the Caesars. The Visigoths were there, the Ostrogoths, the Franks, the Saracens, the Arabs. There have been so many kings, queens, popes, princes; so many massacres, violations, and occupations, right down to yesterday's Nazi incursion, that it is enough for the moment to recollect that the Romans came, and that one day five hundred years ago René le Bon (who adored pastoral amusements and lived in a fine castle that's still standing on the Rhône) bequeathed Provence to his nephew, Charles of Maine, who passed it on to Louis XI of France. And in this way most of Provence was united to the French crown in 1481, a mere eleven years before (*Continued on page 136*)

THE PALACE OF THE POPES AT AVIGNON







# T O DINE AND SLEEP IN PROvence:

A RANCH IN THE CAMARGUE AND A FAMOUS INN

By Edmonde Charles-Roux

Holiday tastes for sight-seeing, sport, or even just quietly wining and dining one's way through amiable landscapes, can all be amply sated in Provence; the important beginning for any such junket is the selection of a comfortable base. Two remarkably good ones, both Provençal to the bone, are the sixteenth-century L'Oustau de Baumanière at Les Baux, which has three-star food, a swimming pool, a *terrasse fleurie*, as well as fourteen excellent saddle horses; and in the wilder country of The Camargue, the Club de Cacharel, a ranch in the centre of a sun-soaked steppe where one may join in the life of the range or quietly pursue less strenuous ways.

Organized planners with time for the pleasures of anticipation will do well to read ahead of time Jean Giono's well-written and richly informative book, *Provence*, a slender volume published by Hachette, and to have a look at *Terre de Camargue*, a sketchbook with masses of indiscriminate documentation, published in 1948 by Arthaud. The bird to have in

hand, from the moment of departure, however, is the admirable Michelin *Guide de Provence*, clear and complete, with a detailed map; only the most dismally persistent gypsies would want to do without the advice of the *pneu* company whose rolling representatives have gathered an incredible number of sage tips, and none of them the least bit mossy.

Good both before and after the fact are these two French books on cookery: *La Cuisinière Provençale* by J.-B. Reboul, published by Tacussel, 88 Canebière, Marseille; and *Recettes et Paysages* of the Southeast and the Mediterranean, published by Publications Françaises. This last book has an occasional flossiness, but the information is genuine, with full instructions for preparing *tian*, a gratin made of spinach and herbs, marinated in olive oil and served in a gourd, as well as sensible directions for pulling together an *aioli* (garlic sauce) that has, after the distressing manner of sauces, separated under the cook's touch.



CRESPI



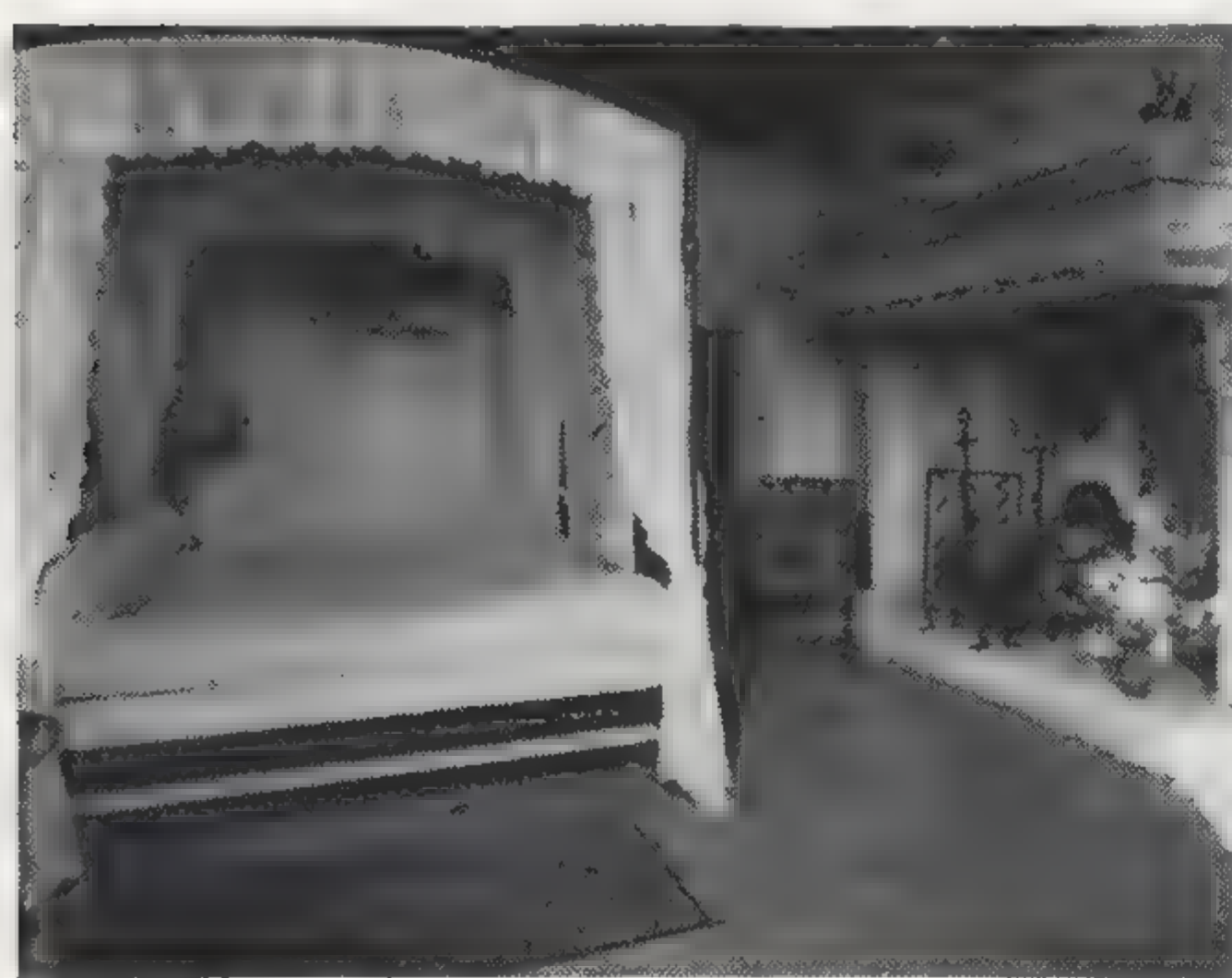
L'OUSTAU DE BAUMANIÈRE

## LES BAUX

With eight days of holiday stretching open ahead of me, I prudently decided that my first stop should be at L'Oustau de Baumanière in Les Baux, where I knew I should find good quarters and one of the best tables set in France. And always there is the thrill of the approach, climbing from a flat spread of land up the curious yellowy spur of rock, then plunging gently into the valley where the inn lies. Raymond Thuilier, the owner, was waiting for me in one of Baumanière's vaulted rooms, wearing a white jacket and a chef's apron. I was wearing jodhpurs and said at once that I wanted to go by horseback to see the fifteenth-century architectural triumphs of the Mas de la Brune. "Nothing easier," he told me. "I have a Portuguese groom at your service and fourteen horses."

Thuilier, a former insurance man, began his régime at Les Baux by turning his "violon d'Ingres"—cooking—into a way of life. Born in Savoy, he chose instead to live in the Midi, inspired partly by the great Provençal poet, Mistral, and partly by the sight of an enchanting four-hundred-year-old farm decaying peacefully in the sun at the entrance of the Val d'Enfer. It had an alluring name, L'Oustau de Baumanière—literally, the Inn of Good Manners, and Thuilier decided to restore it. Although the work took five years, it had scarcely begun when friends began to gather to eat the *cervelas truffés en brioche*, *rougets en papillote*, and other specialties.

My plan for Provence was to see nothing Roman, only what was essentially Provençal. One visits the town of Les Baux early in the morning, on foot, and in espadrilles, before the sun begins to drum upon the landscape. Later, I went on by horseback to the Mas de la Brune and the Mas du Brau, both engaging tumbles of mediæval ruins, where one has a vague sensation of walking through a Piranesi engraving.



A ROOM AT BAUMANIÈRE

My invaluable companion was a young Portuguese girl, the daughter of the groom, Camarero, who was settled at Les Baux in charge of the horses. Mounted usually on a beautifully gaited stallion, she guided me through all the byways of the countryside. I wanted to visit Aigues-Mortes, the walled town from which so many thirteenth-century crusaders departed for the East. Unfortunately, however, my young friend's stallion was too light of limb for such a long trip. "But why don't you stay at Cacharel?" she suggested. And that was how I came to The Camargue.



AT CACHAREL: BLACK BULLS, WHITE HORSES

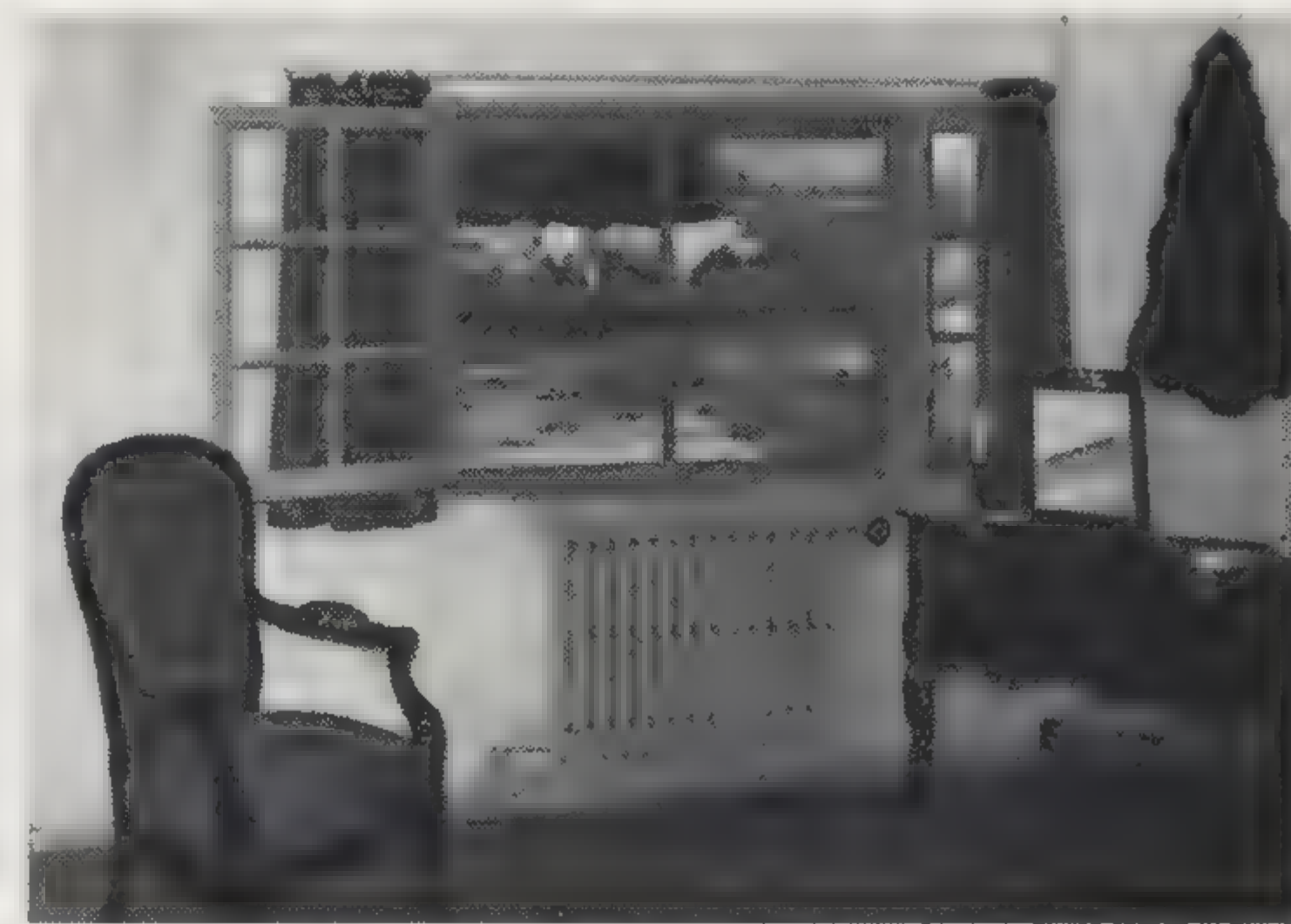
## THE CAMARGUE

In a world marked strikingly by the shrinking of spaces, The Camargue somehow escapes this sensation of dwindling. Here, in this region of black bulls, white-maned horses, and astonishing French cowboys, is a landscape where a man's shadow need not encroach upon his neighbour's. So must the lagoons of Venice have looked, before their rims were domed and steepled—an infinite horizon, solid earth mingling with the marshes and finally merging with the sea.

The Club de Cacharel, where I stayed on the advice of my Portuguese friend, proved excellent. Founded by Denys Colomb de Daunant, it is a comfortable *mas*, or ranch, in The Camargue tradition, well built and well heated, with a shower and hot and cold running water in every room, but no telephone and no electricity. It stands just a few miles from Les Saintes Maries de la Mer; I went at once to visit the crenellated church where the Mysteries of the Incarnation and The Sacrifice of Abraham are carved in the capitals of the choir. Les Saintes Maries is known, too, as the spiritual centre of Europe's gipsies, who gather there every year at the end of May for religious ceremonies and festival singing and dancing.

Aside from my day's visit to Les Saintes Maries, my time was given to the range life of The Camargue where a hundred or more horses run wild and unshod. Descendants of Crin Blanc, the legendary horse of The Camargue, they are foaled out of mares that have never been stabled.

Only the horses broken to saddle live near the *mas*. One of these, Faraman, proved charming company. Sure of foot, with a delightfully rustic air, he pleased me instantly and later paid me such delicate attentions as grazing under my window during breakfast. Together we explored the Bois de Riège with its impressive growth of Phoenician juniper, and to him I owe the sight, from above the Digue à la Mer, of the fishermen drawing nets from the water, the drops flickering through the air like sparks.



A ROOM AT THE CLUB DE CACHAREL

Again and again I recalled Jean Giono's impression of The Camargue: This country is essentially and forever the child of the steppe. The Mongol steed and the wild horse of The Camargue are alike as two brothers; the mistral has the violence of the winds of the Gobi (Continued on page 137)



## Getaway coats—on the move

Two activated coats for travel, both beige and full-length, to cover nearly any daytime situation. Here, they're getting away, openly, in the new Pontiac Star Chief convertible that covers any weather situation—its top is powered up or down in twelve seconds flat. *Below:* A beige coat with softened straightness that's extra news because it's jersey—and therefore unimpressed by wrinkling conditions. By Marquise, of smooth worsted jersey; about \$145, at Bonwit Teller; Montaldo's; I. Magnin. The cloche, Sally Victor. *Opposite page:* This beige coat, like the car, wears its top up or down (when dropped, the hood becomes a deep double collar). It's soft, French-imported wool, with fully wrap-pable lines. This, by Lilli Ann, about \$115, at Saks 34th; The May Co., Los Angeles. On the driver: a new getaway blazer of navy-blue Viyella, from Abercrombie & Fitch.



WILLIAM KLEIN









PRTsonhé.



# Travel techniques of

MR. AND MRS. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS



To the theory that an extended trip means extensive luggage, the Douglas Fairbanks' present a tidy

rebuttal—the case(s) rest, in fact, in the photographs below. Though their trips are apt to cover some fairly epic mileage and take in a number of climates, the Fairbanks' have written trunks out of their plans ("We found we had to. Because we like to spend our time *there*, instead of getting there, we travel almost entirely by air."). This is how the luggage system works in a typical Fairbanks trip, such as the one that took them, this past month, from their present London base to the United States—a visit that included California, New York, a side trip south, a Long Island country week end, and a year's worth of climates in the space of a few weeks. To begin with, they've devised a sectionalized packing system that operates climate by climate and reduces their luggage as they go. When they leave one climate (California's, for instance), they pack up the clothes relating to that climate, and ship them back to London by air freight (much less expensive than overweight rates for baggage accompanying a passenger), in one of the suitcases that have suddenly become a sort of rage among international travellers—lift-by-one-finger boxes of a plastic so tough it can stand something like a thousand pounds of pressure per square inch. Beyond the plan for climate-by-climate clothes, Mrs. Fairbanks has one through-climate costume based on the beige wool hopsacking Fabiani coat in the Bouché sketch at left. She wears this over a grey-and-white checked tweed suit for travelling; with a suit and a little beige felt hat in New York. To extend the coat further, she had a skirt made to match it, and wears this with a coffee-coloured printed over-

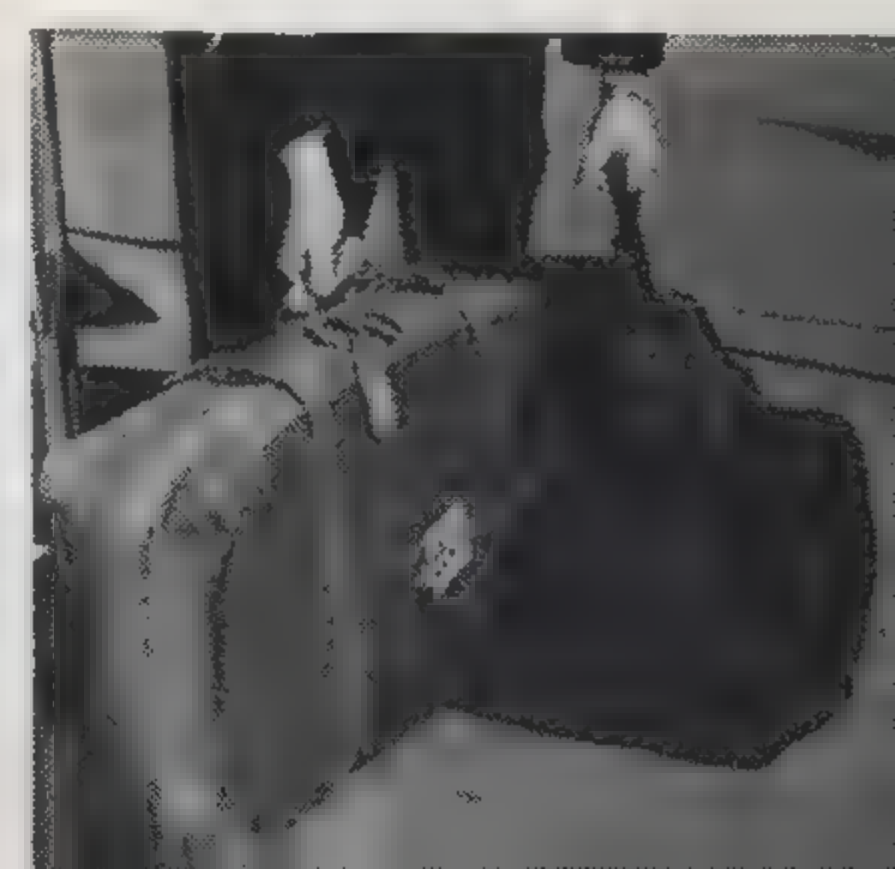
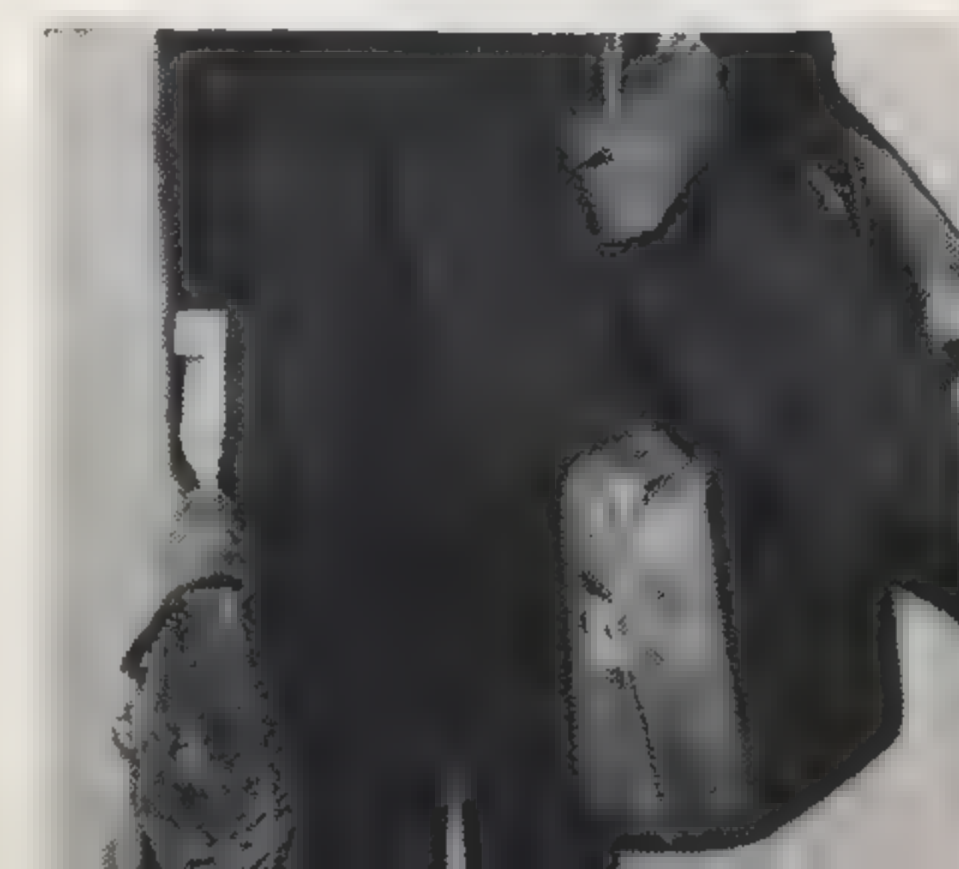
blouse in California; with a brown cashmere sweater and brown suède country flats for Long Island. (Brown accessories generally are Mrs. Fairbanks' base of operations—a choice predicated on her own delicious colouring: brown hair with golden sun streaks; brown eyes with gold flecks.)

One convenient convenience for a pair of travellers is, evidently, a very small wife. Because Mrs. Fairbanks is little (5' 3"), nothing she owns takes up much space, and—nice coincidence considering that stoles pack like handkerchiefs—she finds these in better proportion for her than evening jackets. For her most recent trip, she packed a medium-brown mink stole and a black Alaska sealskin one; for summer, she's apt to have stoles made to match her evening dresses (last summer's indispensable: a nylon organdie rose-printed dress from Dior, with a stole to match).

Four more wardrobe strategies cut Mrs. Fairbanks' luggage total. First, cyclamen-pink satin evening slippers ("The only pair I need—there isn't a colour they won't go with."). Second, a black satin bow that turns her silky black broadtail coat into an evening coat (this, incidentally, was the only coat that made the trip, apart from her beige hopsacking one). Third, a décolleté short dinner dress with its own bolero jacket to change its degree of dress. And fourth, a hat that varies its own programme—a black satin pillbox from Balenciaga, with four different sets of flowers to draw through the bow at front; black, red, yellow, white, alternately.

Mr. Fairbanks' luggage? Simple arrangement. He *keeps* a few stock essentials here; another set in Paris. All he needs to pack, then, are his dinner jacket, dress shirts ("... the minute you skip these, you need them"), navy-blue suit, grey suit with slacks that can change jackets in the country. And—the circulating library photographed above: his five address books bound by locale.

Below, the luggage that accompanied the Fairbanks' back to London, after their cross-country U.S. visit. Top row, Mrs. Fairbanks' luggage—at left, her carry-aboard case of zippered plaid canvas and leather. Right, her weigh-in pieces—canvas shoe case, overseas-size suitcases. Lower row, Mr. Fairbanks' luggage—leather overnight bag, brief case, camera, coat. Right, his weigh-in pieces: a canvas carry-all and fold-over wardrobe bag.





# Travel techniques of

MR. AND MRS. GILBERT MILLER

## MRS. GILBERT MILLER

As specialists of the short trip (short in time, not miles), the Millers have perfected a sort of push-button packing system. For convenience's sake, Mrs. Miller has learned to carry her famous chic in a near-microfilm state, and—upon arrival—to develop it to its usual perfection. On their most recent short trip to Paris and London this past month (eleven days, Idlewild to Idlewild), she condensed her luggage to two major suitcases, still had exactly what she needed: an important evening dress for the gala opening of Charles de Beistégui's private theatre at Groussay, and clothes for a week of parties and theatre in Paris. (Among the Millers' objectives: to take another look at *Patate*, by Marcel Achard, the Paris hit that Mr. Miller will produce in the United States.)

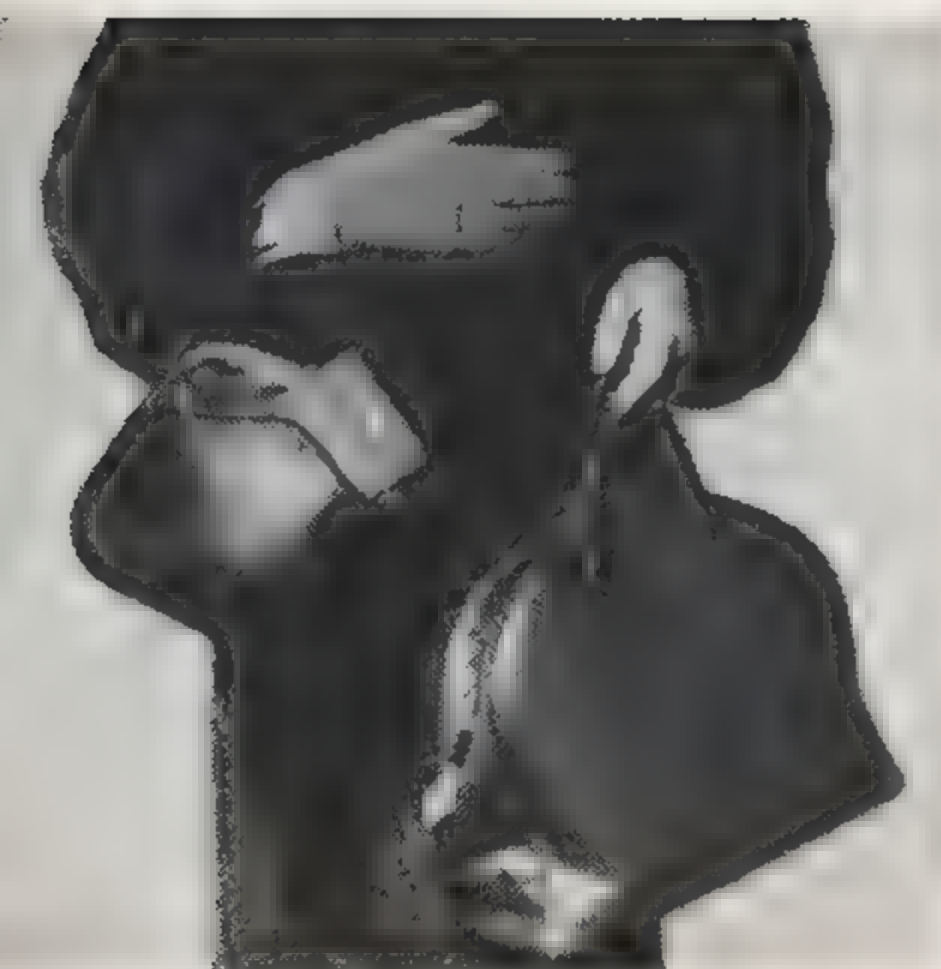
Here is Mrs. Miller's luggage diet: first rule, black as the key colour (a rich field for her—with her apricot-gold colouring, her gold jewellery). Black shoes and handbags for everything—suede for afternoon, satin for evening, calfskin for day. On this trip, her hats numbered only two: one on her head (a little glove-suede toque with starched veil), one in her suitcase (black straw with a velvet bow). She concentrated on suits, wore one of grey flannel, packed two more in black wool, one light, one heavier. One of her reasons for this: "I'm going to go to the dress-makers in Paris, and suits are easiest to get out of, for fittings." One black wool dress went along, in case late-day situation and cold-day situation came simultaneously.

Her *must* is a short dinner dress, with

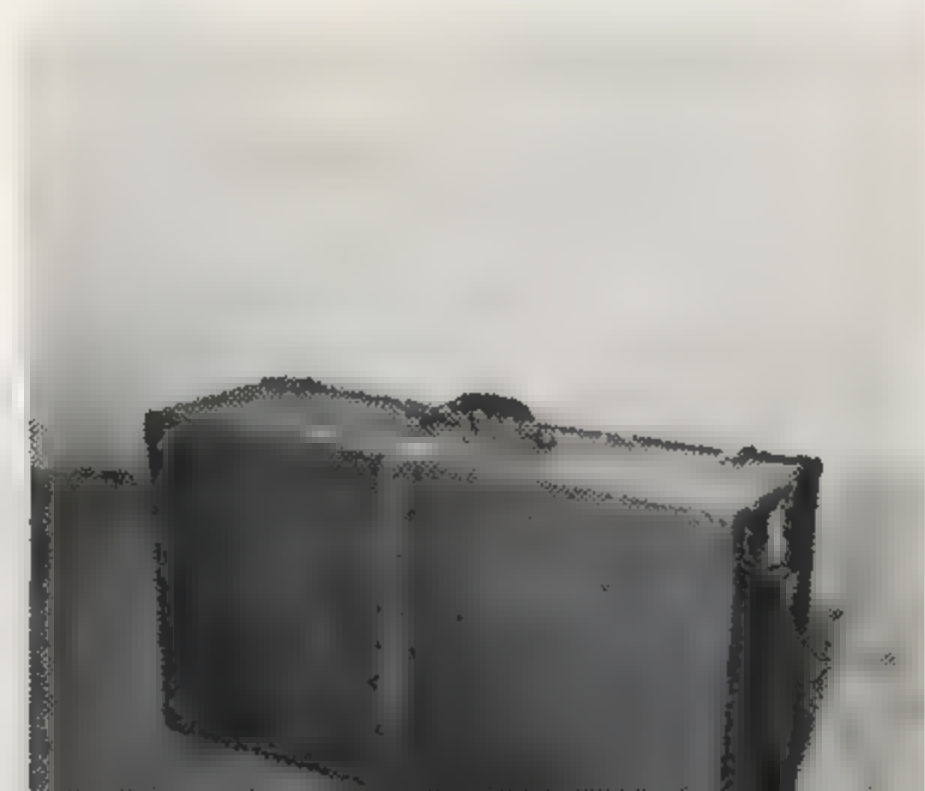
décolleté top and its own jacket to change its degree of formality. This trip's version was of red satin, flowered in black, from Dior's autumn collection. Included was a red taffeta dress by Balenciaga for afternoon, and—for the De Beistégui party—a long evening dress also from Balenciaga, of turquoise blue (a marvellous shade for her), with faille slippers to match. Her coats counted this way: three—one packed, one carried, one worn. Respectively, a short mink jacket, a full-length mink coat, and the red wool Balenciaga coat shown in the Bouché sketch, opposite. On overnight plane trips, Mrs. Miller keeps one small, soft bag in her own custody. In it are a black cashmere cardigan that replaces her suit jacket en route, a tailored silk foulard dressing gown, her jewel case, and the fewest toilet articles she can manage.

Mr. Miller went to Paris with two dark suits, one dinner jacket and its necessities—totalling one suitcase. He's a devotee of the dark suit; says that he finds it to be correct most times, most places. Both Mr. and Mrs. Miller have an extra sleight-of-hand trick for traveling light. Because they spend a good part of the year in London (they have a house there), and make the run to France often, each keeps a suitcase in escrow at the Plaza-Athénée in Paris, filled with unvarying favourites and essentials. In hers: another dressing gown, bed jacket, blanket cover, her special pillow, hot-water bottle, and an umbrella. And in his: an extra navy-blue suit, a tail coat, underwear and fresh shirts. (When he leaves Paris, Mr. Miller deposits his laundry with the hotel; after it's been laundered, it's returned to his suitcase, ready for his next arrival.)

Below, sum total of the Millers' luggage for one of their typical short trips to Paris or London. Top row, Mrs. Miller's luggage—at left, her overnight case and handbag (the latter, with side-pocket for passport, landing card). At right, her weigh-in pieces. Lower row, Mr. Miller's luggage—at left, his brief case and overnight case; at right, his single weigh-in piece, a box-like case of tough plastic.



DE MORGOLI





KR Bonchi.





# PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

## PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

Ways to get the mind off the front pages... Daphne du Maurier's novel, *The Scapegoat*, which allows not only its double heroes but also its readers to escape whatever they are caught in; it is jammed with crises and mysteries and impersonations, with characters so fascinating that almost no one ever has a chance to meet anyone like them in life... Eugène Ionesco, whose two plays, *La Cantatrice Chauve* and *La Leçon*, have become whistling successes in Paris, where this French playwright, who is considered a revolutionist in the theatre, has the disarming manner of a *petit bourgeois*.

## PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

*Movimento Nucleare*, an Italian movement in painting with its leader, Baj, whose paintings are somewhat horrifying anecdotes full of whirling atomic-mushroom shapes and children with oyster eyes... The rudderless fun of the night-club comics, Rowan and Martin... The straightforward, nostalgic charm of the TV show, "Maurice Chevalier's Paris," produced by Ted Mills who warily avoided the major clichés.

## PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

Louis Kentner, the notable Hungarian pianist, who will be playing the Brahms B-flat concerto with the New York Philharmonic late in April... The lanky calm of Fred Astaire in *Funny Face*, a big delicious fairy tale about fashion magazines, with Audrey Hepburn more elegant and ethereal than ever, and with Astaire and Kay Thompson at a creepy party suddenly dancing all over, whanging the chandeliers and singing "Ring Dem Bells" in a miracle of astute timing.

## PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

The leering walk of Bea Lillie in the *Ziegfeld Follies*, in which her biggest moment comes at her entrance skit, where, wordless in enveloping black, she dines alone, struggling first with extraordinarily limp asparagus, and then with an enormous lobster whose claws she manicures... The Navy word, flail, for any sudden confusion in routine... London's love for Isettas, the little cars with doors in their noses; and for Randolph Churchill's irresistible inside information... Mike Connolly's report of a Hollywood producer who said: "Boy, am I worried—I've got so many worries on my mind, if anything happens to me today, it'll be two weeks before I can worry about it."

## PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

*Say Darling*, by Richard Bissell who has barely disguised his picaresque adventures on Broadway as co-author of *Pajama Game* and collaborator on *Damn Yankees* in a novel with nonsensical but accurate dialogue, often extremely funny and as strange as the customs of the Watusi tribe... Ania Dorfman's prodigious and beautiful Victor recording of Mendelssohn's *Songs without Words*, complete for the first time... Henri-Georges Clouzot, the wonderfully, macabre French movie director who, when he was only five, dictated to his father a story about a man who murdered his wife by sprinkling tacks in her soup.

MRS. RICHARD NIXON, wife of the Vice-President of the United States, is an extraordinarily busy and pretty woman. (Her brown hair and her brown eyes are gold-flecked.) Just before they left for Africa on an official visit, the Nixons counted up their travel miles in the years Mr. Nixon has been in office: four and a half times around the world. On those trips, while the Vice-President is occupied with duties, Mrs. Nixon visits schools, hospitals, and institutions. In Washington her schedule is equally intense, for, in addition to going to group meetings, where, incidentally, she never makes speeches, she rolls bandages every possible Tuesday with the Ladies of the Senate Red Cross Group. She manages her household with a minimum amount of help, and, like most mothers, goes to the PTA meetings. (The Nixons have two daughters.) Invariably at night, the Nixons either entertain or are being entertained. Recently at a White House dinner, Mrs. Nixon was seated next to President Eisenhower. Her retort: "We never discuss politics." Among the extra but pleasurable duties that Mrs. Nixon has taken on is that of vice-chairman of The Heart of America Salute, a dinner dance benefiting the New York Heart Fund at the Waldorf-Astoria on April 24. In this picture by Vogue photographer John Rawlings, Mrs. Nixon wears the blue satin dress which she wore to the Inaugural Ball. (The dress, from Elizabeth Arden.)





RAWLINGS

MRS. RICHARD NIXON

VOGUE, APRIL 15, 1957

83



PENN

# BERT LAHR: 'BULLY ON ZE BOULEVARD'





PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT *cont.*

BERT LAHR'S elegant, effortless mime and back-swept speech, releasing syllables like pebbles from a reluctant rubber band, are among the major ornaments of Broadway's new farce, *Hotel Paradiso*, by Georges Feydeau. The latest in a series of lopes away from his old (and deliriously lovable) routine of musical comedy and movies, *Paradiso* follows three shows he did for TV's Omnibus and last season's Broadway production of *Waiting for Godot*, a puzzling play brilliantly analyzed by Lahr as "abstract music hall." "The first time I read it," he confessed, "I didn't understand it, but I could distinguish its greatness." Although large segments of the audience claimed permanent bewilderment, they found they could instantly distinguish Lahr's greatness in his inspired fumbling with tight shoes, his single-minded application to eating a carrot. Many of his best parlour tricks—the bridling dignity, the word gaffes, the elaborate composure—come straight out of burlesque. His greatness lies simply in the fact that he transcends burlesque, an art which he described on TV as "unashamed and simon-pure, the greatest civilizing and refining force in American history."

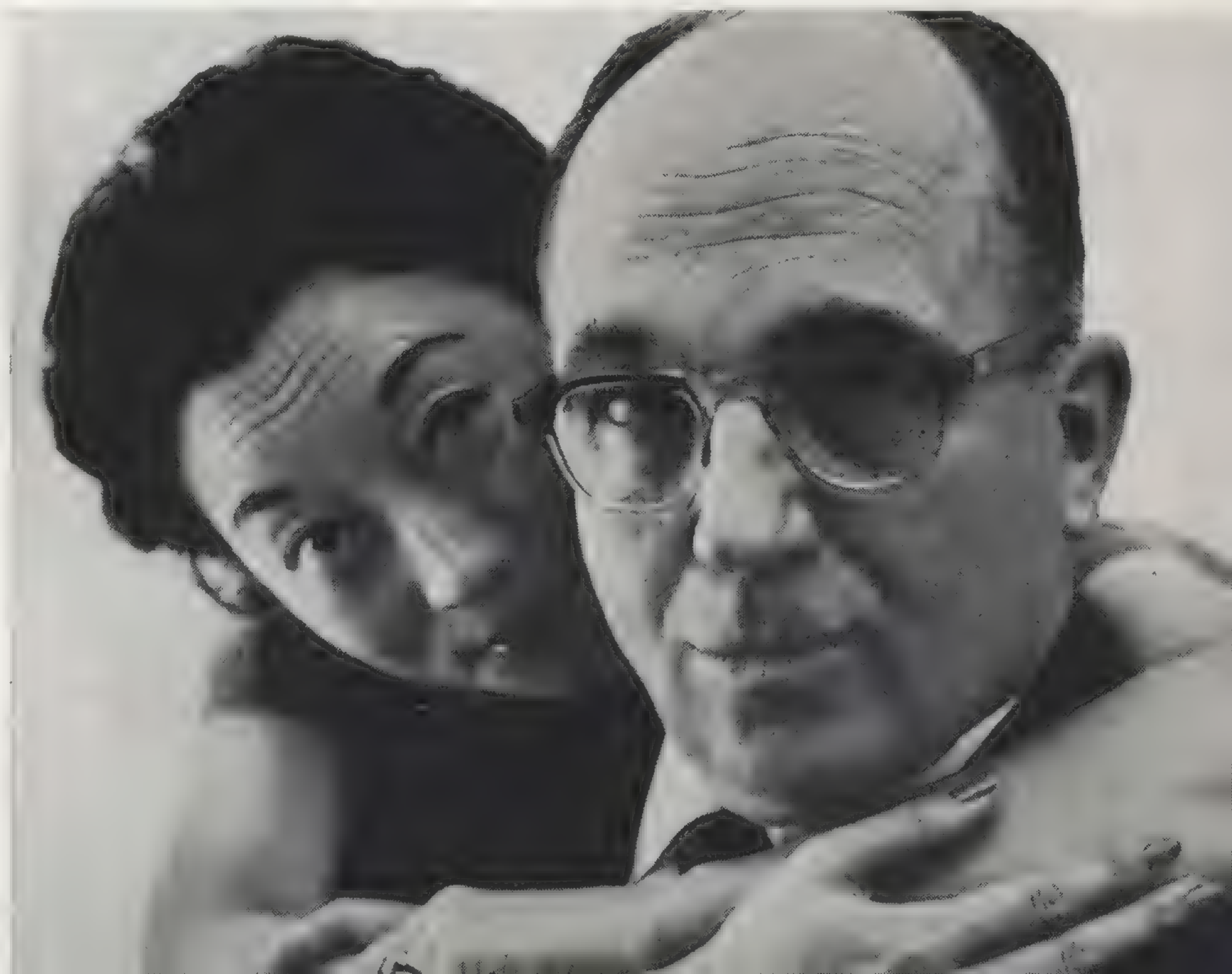
THE DUTOURDS are a delight of literary Paris, and, more specifically, of Gallimard which publishes Mr. Dutourd's best sellers, and where Mrs. Dutourd is chief of advertising. In Paris, the newest Dutourd book, *Taxis of the Marne*, which will be published here in May, has had more than the usual blaze from the critics. "*Taxis*," said Jean Dutourd, "is about France and me; its time, mostly one war week in 1940." Both the Dutourds are handsome, she a light and eager talker, he pleasantly reticent. His books run like a bus through the intricate windings of French character, with long perspectives of politics. Three of his novels have already been published here: *The Best Butter*, a clipped and witty assault; *A Dog's Head*, a rather surrealist prank; and *Five A.M.*, an introspective monologue.

THE MICHENERS interrupted a European holiday to go to Vienna, last November, where James Michener wrote his newest book, *The Bridge at Andau*, in seven weeks, working twenty hours a day. He crossed the bridge into Hungary several times for this vividly documented, horrendous account of the revolt. Mrs. Michener, an American of Japanese descent, was an editor before her marriage. Three of Michener's works have been movie-prone; *Sayonara* has just been filmed, partly, in Japan. Two years and the royalties from *South Pacific* went into his book on Japanese prints, *The Floating World*. Collectors of rare Japanese prints, the Micheners hang these either in their Bucks County farmhouse or in their Japanese beach house in Hawaii. Last year they travelled to the Far East for material for his next book, *Rascals in Paradise*, which was written with A. Grove Day. Michener recently called it: "A sexy little book with a couple of lovely items."



CAMILLE and JEAN DUTOURD

MARI YORIKA and JAMES MICHENER





# How to KEEP YOUR

**T**he thing you want to do," said Cyril Ritchard, folding up his spectacles and his lengthy, elegant limbs with admirable coordination, "is bring the beer atmosphere up to champagne."

I bubbled gratefully, as I felt myself turning into an audience of one, quietly fizzed by the same pops of Ritchard charm that have sparkled his direction and acting in the Metropolitan Opera's new production of *La Perichole* and the Broadway comedy, *Visit to a Small Planet*. (At the Met he's the Viceroy of Peru, and in *Planet*, a flying-saucer man, an "exhilarating" switch sometimes accomplished between a matinée and an evening performance.)

One ought not to be dull, we agreed. "But to *hold* an audience," said Ritchard, "first of all you have to exert the most tremendous concentration. You've got to keep your mind on the point every minute as long as you want your audience. The moment you go away mentally, the audience—whether it is at a dinner party or in the theatre—will know it at once. An audience, you know, is just like a horse; it can tell when you're not honest."

No one on stage or off, however, can be much better than her material. Although Madame Modjeska is said to have enchanted small groups of her more fortunate friends by reciting the alphabet in Polish, it should be borne in mind that they were her friends, that her reputation was established, and that, presumably, they were deceived, since very few non-Poles recognize the alphabet in Polish. As most women are compelled to work with their own material, rather than Shaw's or even Noel Coward's, intense and selfless care should be given to pruning away extraneous details. Tussling with one's own mimsy memory about dates, weather, the dress you wore that day can give your listeners psychosomatic hives and shatter their confidence in you, whereas a clear, definite statement with one quick, bold stroke of colour will rivet and convince them. The great and steady talkers, the conversational whirling dervishes, the zealous belles who feel that no one can long endure without a share of their incalculable charm, lack or dissipate the steady ray of concentration that makes for staying power. They rarely mesmerize an audience.

"There is a sort of mesmerism, involved, you know," Mr. Ritchard told me with some intensity. "I once knew a man who said he could feel when Mary Garden came into the wings before she made her entrance; and you see it working in that moment of dedicated concentration when a pianist sits abso-

lutely immobile at the piano before he starts to play. I'm quite sure they know the effect it has on everyone watching.... You've got to have an inner conviction, an authority; it's all a matter of authority, really."

For mesmerism, it has always been my impression, you need a powerful eyebeam; that, at least, is what I recall of Svengali's sure-fire technique with Trilby. And with cow-eyed shame, I seem to recall, too, those flaming articles in the movie magazines of the late nineteen-thirties in which a girl could read—and I did—about how to fasten her beau with the steady, pulsing, heart-pulverizing look of a Garbo, a Shearer, or even, if all else failed, a Jean Harlow. None of this, obviously, will do. Eyes, however, can accomplish a great deal, especially with the living-room audience of six or eight people. A carefully calculated eye-sweep (neither blatant nor pulsing), taking in first the ends of the group, then threading through the middle, will gather up the eyes of your audience. An absent waver or flicker, which happens when the mind strays, will lose them just as quickly.

Is mesmerism a do-it-yourself art? Not every woman, after all, can send out the electric impulse generated by the invisible Mary Garden. Not many women have such abundant natural magnetism, and some find it difficult, or rightly impossible, to get up high voltages of conviction. If an actress seemed fainter than she ought to be on these qualities, I asked Mr. Ritchard, how he, as a director, might try to stimulate them.

**T**he only thing you can do then," he said with an undertone of desperation and resolve, "is just exhale. That gets you looser. Then I'd tell her to stop being embarrassed and just *do it, be it*. Assume what I call The Bubble of Impudence. Impudence without impertinence. Take a subtle grip and believe in what you're doing. Try for a steady burning from the inside."

Rôle-playing, in other words, if it is done with gallantry and authority, can carry a clever woman through a dreary or nerve-tensing situation, leaving her buoyantly on top. For reasons of heart or head, she has to want her audience and, above all, to respect it. An audience, like Mr. Ritchard's all-intuitive horse, will sense conscious falsifying or a patronizing manner. Only a vain and moderately stupid woman can fail to note the hollow silence of the well-bred that marks an audience captive but far from captivated.



# AUDIENCE

With pointers from Cyril Ritchard

By Rosemary Blackmon

Many people, and almost all professional actresses, have a sort of rising-to-the-occasion valve which can be switched on and off. Fatigue quite often turns it off automatically, because energy, either animal or nerve-born, determines to an irritating degree one's interest in other people and one's ability to reach them. Although Julie Harris is known among directors as one of the steadiest, clearest-burning performers on Broadway, she once left a small dinner party without being missed by any of the guests for a full hour. Yet, barely three months later, when she appeared in *I Am a Camera*, the audience not only watched her leave the set, but at one point waited for the off-stage slam of a hall door before they could turn their attention to the actors left on stage. The difference was simply a matter of what James Thurber calls turning on the charm.

"Take my camel, dear," said my Aunt Dot, as she climbed down from this animal on her return from High Mass.... This unorthodox spring into a patently unorthodox subject (lifted, incidentally, from the first sentence of Rose Macaulay's new novel, *The Towers of Trebizond*) has a double potential, a self-locking device for snaring audiences; it's unexpected, and it gets a laugh on the first line. The misery of never knowing more about that camel is more than any normal mind could bear. The point: Cultivate the unexpected.

Fortified by an alluring beginning, a long story rolls twice as smoothly, its wheels oiled partly by the listeners' interest. The person who attempts a lengthy anecdote must avoid at all costs letting anyone know it is long. (The won't-you-sit-down prelude, for example, has a high degree of fatality.) He, or she, in fact, should never for a moment think of the story as long, but think instead of the progression of thought changes, the sharp turnings of the plot, the slow, easy grades.

As a rule, hesitations are wearing; in some cases, however, they can be inspired. Bob Hope, for example, has a trick of shooting back an incredibly fast response to a line, then talking straight on for a moment, then suddenly stopping dead. Although this is a stock trick, it rarely misses. The virtue here is timing, which, unfortunately, is more instinct than art. ("Oh, my, you do see people go right up to the eyes in quicksand when they haven't got timing, don't you?" said Cyril Ritchard with a Captain Hook-ish shudder of mingled horror and beastly amusement.) Instinctive timing, by shrewd observation and experience, can be polished and embellished to a truly dazzling brilliance. Wretched timing, which often

occurs, curiously, among people who are insensitive to music, can probably never be cured. Observation and effort merely arrest its most alarming manifestations. Erratic timers, like erratic cooks, have lean days and fat. "I knew one actress," recalled Mr. Ritchard, "who was simply superb in solo speeches. With other people she never learned to throw the ball; she only knew how to catch it. But when she caught it—ah, she caught it magnificently."

Catching the ball is perhaps the least-exploited technique of mesmerizing the audience you want. Women have been told for years to be good listeners. If one of them dares to say a man she knows is a gigantic bore, some brooding female on the periphery will certainly say accusingly, "But, dear, are you a good listener?" The how-to for this belongs to the advanced mesmerists' course. To listen one must exert all the concentration, feel all the interest and respect that go into active performance; one must simply do it all twice as attentively... and passively. For among other obligations, it is the part of the listener to ask pertinent, exploratory questions and, most of all, to reflect and take on the conviction of the speaker. Played squarely, this game has the huge reward of unconscious reciprocity: the appreciative listener becomes the pearl-casting speaker. Again the rôles reverse, and thus does friendship prosper.

Mothers and headmistresses have perhaps been even more dogged and discouraging on the subject of "entering a room." Great beauties seem to do it instinctively, and they are the models to copy. For preliminary briefing, one might consider the famous English actresses, the Vanbrugh sisters, Irene and Violet. "When they came into a living room," explained Mr. Ritchard, they didn't come in, they *arrived*." Their trick in the theatre (and its effect carried over superbly to off-stage life) was to go to the farthest wall in the wings and start their first entrance from there. They came in "on the breath." Point: Leave your own dressing table in character.

Practised honestly, concentration, respect, timing, intelligent listening, and a proper cultivation of the unexpected will keep the average woman's audience, and keep it happy—provided, of course, she has something to say and the wit to refrain from saying it too often. Scene-stealing, a shadier, more dangerous branch of the same art, eventually proves irresistible to most women. Like starches, perfume, and gin, it should be used with titanic discretion.



# SPRING BRIDES— PARIS; NEW YORK



HENRY CLARKE

In a French wedding dress, modesty is a part of the protocol. And in this spring's Paris Collections (each traditionally closes with the presentation of a bride's dress), these were among the new ideas. As always, the wedding dresses were high around the neck, with elbow sleeves at least (except perhaps in summer country-wedding dresses). And yet, given this sameness—a wedding dress from the Paris couture still arranges to be the most breath-taking dress of a woman's life, in a brilliant variety of ways. Many designers, for instance, dipped into the most important new fabric of the season—chiffon satin. Fath, on the other hand, made a swan-like dress from a fabric that glides rather than floats—*broderie anglaise*. This dress was worn with a tiny veiled hat of blush roses. At Dior, the idea of airy white and white-plus-white became white organdie, stiffened and whitened with narrow rows of lace. The sleeves of this dress ended above the elbow, but *just* above. At Griffe, thin white lace was buoyed by layers of paler white tulle; over all, a long pale-blue tulle veil. Balmain gave his bride a coif of nun-like becomingness—a chalk-white lace hood, the long tie ends left trailing. In almost all of the Collections there were dresses, not meant as wedding dresses primarily, but so simple and lovely in a season (and an era) of fashion mildness, that they could easily *be* wedding dresses this spring and summer. From Dior, a white dotted net dress, in a length almost to the floor, could go to a country-church wedding with a stopover only long enough to add sleeves. For a small, quiet wedding where the women guests and the bride are dressed as if for a luncheon or an afternoon party, the bride might wear Dior's costume of white silk crêpe in layers: a doubled-crêpe coat over a crêpe dress to match. All-white here, from hat to shoes. A variation of the coat-over-dress: a chiffon coat in a pale colour over a pleated crêpe dress (or a chiffon or organdie dress) in the same colour. Pink comes in so many depths this year, a bride could certainly find a cosmetic pink now, whatever her colouring. New thought from Paris on the old question of flowers: for an all-white wedding of great formality—informality. For the bride, an armful of pink stock and pink roses. For the bridesmaids, bouquets of pinker flowers, or shadowing pink hats brimming flowers.

## LANVIN - CASTILLO:

### A CEREMONY OF ORGANDIE

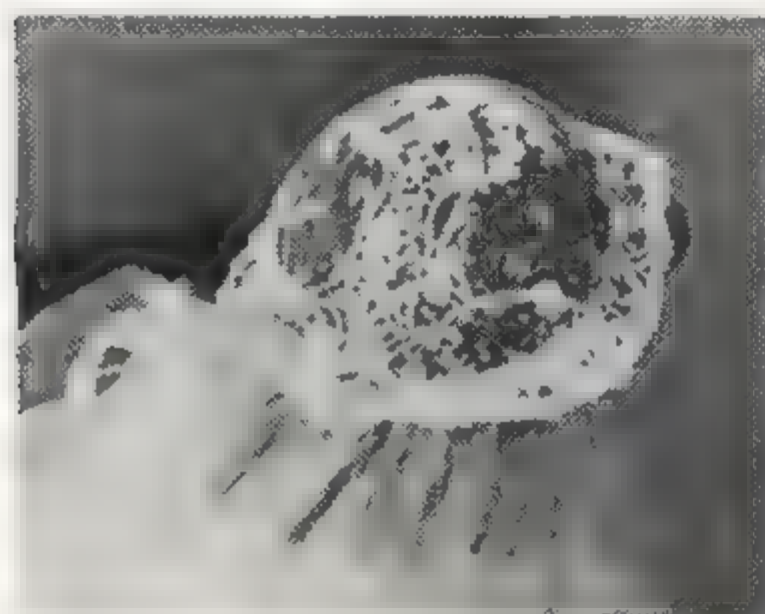
The feeling of the Kakemono collection was a beautifully individualized Oriental one. And the wedding dress hewed to a line that floated—and extemporized on—ceremonial-robe tradition: doubled white organdie, obi sash forming the train. For the headdress, strings of white flowers from which a tulle bridal veil flumed.





FRANCES MCLAUGHLIN

## MRS. HENRY LAWRENCE MALLOY: 1957 BRIDE



Mrs. Malloy, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Goodman, was married at a Nuptial Mass early this year to the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Malloy.

The bride, who inherits her Cuban mother's dark-haired good looks, wore for her wedding a dress with the familiar charm of tradition. Designed for her by Leslie Morris of Bergdorf Goodman, its yards of satin skirt flow from beneath a jacket

of antique rose point and Brussels lace. The jacket was reworked to include a wide satin sash, but sleeves and neckline remain as they were in the eighteenth century, modestly bride-like. The bridal cap copied the old lace. And the bride's prayer book was her daily one, with satin cover and book ribbons.







## The evening demi-browns—paying compliments straight through summer.

*Above:* Potpourri of taupe and beige, on white—silk taffeta evening coat to breeze over either of the dresses here, many more besides. This, full, demi-long; with a collar to make a point of jewellery, inches-shorter sleeves with the same in view. By George Carmel of Abraham silk. About \$225. Bergdorf Goodman; Hutzler's; Joseph Magnin.

*Near right:* The evening evanescent that's here to stay—chiffon softness, beautifully intensified at this depth of brown (extra dimension: all-over pleats). An ankle-length evening dress with this news added—a wide crushed leather belt, a double flowering of pink roses. Designed by Leslie Morris, to order at Bergdorf Goodman.

*Far right:* Brown news misted over—a short evening dress of point d'esprit, sharpened by velveteen here and there (shoulder straps, bows on the stole). Beautiful situation for jewellery, for a sun tan (as bare as this, for all but gala evenings). By Sophie, to order at Saks Fifth Avenue.









## Coming into focus—new points of beauty

### Focal point: a beautiful back

*Left:* Black, cut in a way that can make pins drop—audibly. It's silk crêpe (almost has to be, to cling like this), and has, besides one of the most spectacular exit lines ever—the news of a high-necked front, a touch of train. The dress, by Traina-Norell, in Staron silk. (The figure to wear it might be coming into focus now by way of Vogue's new Apple Diet, outlined in the April 1 issue.) At Bergdorf Goodman; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Dayton's; I. Magnin.

### Focal point: a beautiful body

*Right:* The body in question, here, is all on your head; comes via a new permanent wave by Caryl Richards. The idea? A natural-looking curl that's made that way by conditioning lotions in the wave itself: one to make the hair supremely soft; the other to give it enough vigour to last. Coiffure by Enrico Caruso. Pinned in it, a Sally Victor bow. Jewels by Cartier.














WILLIAM KLEIN

Beauty notes from all over *Opposite:* From bottles with a new label, nail glacés in almost every shade of red you'd be likely to meet in fashion this year. Source of the colours themselves: reds that might have been used by famous painters. For instance, striking the B note at far left, a thumb dressed in Rembrandt Ruby. Continuing along the chord: Mondrian Coral; Degas Mauve; Lautrec Orange (added brilliance on this finger: a swirl of diamonds backed with gold, by Cartier); and on the A-flat, Cézanne Cerise. All these, by Juliette Marglen. Saks Fifth Avenue. *This page:* From an elegantly slender oval golden tube, a creamy new lipstick with excellent staying powers. This, also by Juliette Marglen, and in the same red mutations as the nail glacé. At Saks Fifth Avenue. From a king-size package, news to keep any lipstick prettier when it's working and you're smoking: a filter-tip cigarette (i.e., it's non-tobacco-shedding). The one above, a Kent.






## Printed house-pants— out on four beautiful limbs

This figures—in a year of beautiful prints, more of them. Latest arrivals: slim printed pants, worn here with sweaters that are news on their own—one's a knitted blouse; one's knitted of silk. *Left:* Red flowers, flowering on white linen. The other half of the story: a nearly hip-length white sweater, unfitted, and blouse-like enough to spend half of its working hours over skirts. Korrigan-Lesur wool sweater, about \$25; Sportwhirl pants, \$13. Both: Henri Bendel; Wanamaker's, Phila. *Right:* Ankle-length house-pants of Paisley-printed silk shantung, lined in cotton. More news to the north: a knitted blue silk polo shirt, chain-belted over the pants. The shirt by Braemar, \$25; Evan-Picone pants, \$20. Both at Peck & Peck. Carnegie belt, also Peck & Peck. Shoes, both pages: Capezio.









## Décolletage — managed beautifully

Here, management at two fashion levels: for the steep back décolletage, a new U-backed brassière; for the vanishing point décolletage of many of the new chiffons, an all-in-one equipped with its own deep and rounded décolletage.

*Directly right:* Foundation cut low enough to manage any neckline in fashion now; cut long enough to manage everything beyond that—gently. Nylon power net, paved with nylon lace. By Dior for Lily of France. \$50, at Bonwit Teller; J. P. Allen; I. Magnin.

*Far right:* The news here is in the U (as against the non-U?). Anyway, that—plus the cushioned wire that negotiates the U—is how this longer-than-waist-length brassière manages depth at the back without loss of support at the *sides* and front.

Stay-up powers? Powerful. By Hollywood V-ette; of nylon lace and Dacron leno elastic. \$11, at Best's; Famous-Barr; The Broadway.










Givenchy





## Paris evening news: latter-day capes

*Left:* From Givenchy, what the cape has become—a beautiful filament that grows out of the dress itself. Aside from this, the look is sculptured (something that happened often in the Collections, with chiffon).

Of olive-green silk, and worn with a green grosgrain hat, black grosgrain shoes from Mancini. Dress, in America at Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

Also at Eaton's of Canada.

*Right:* Balenciaga evening costume—a softness of black silk crêpe with a drifting white organdie cape.

Its beauty: simply a superb figure wearing what might be a drawing of clothes—substance half indicated, and not a single irrelevant line.

Balenciaga





# Eye-shadow blues:

26 beautiful applications

All-blue's the idea, and a woman can reason this way: one blue is a beauty-maker; two blues or more make a costume now. The blue-eyed woman is one blue up—naturally. But a woman with grey, green, or brown eyes can find endless blue eye-shadow variations (Elizabeth Arden shades of blueness: nine in all) to sparkle her eyes and complexion. While the fashion for blue is universal, most of the clothes on these eight pages come from California where a blue lightness fills the world.

*Right:* Blue-eyed hat doing the thing only blue can do this well—be brilliant *and* soft. Same trick on the eyes: Sea Blue and Striking blue eye shadows, stratified, the darker Striking near the blue-mascara'd lashes. These blues, the grey brow pencil, and the coiffure, set against other beauty-makers—Pat-A-Creme make-up foundation and Invisible Veil. These and the Golden Poppy lipstick: from Elizabeth Arden. Hat by Adolfo of Emme; also, Hutzler's; Frost Bros. David Webb jewels.

*Left:* Blue shaded into pale worsted jersey coat, paler sleeveless silk dress (shoes might be the coat's colour). Spectator Ltd. coat, in Sag-No-Mor jersey, \$90. Norman Wiatt dress, \$30. Both, and the eye shadows and make-up: Saks Fifth Avenue; Julius Garfinckel; Halle Bros.; Sakowitz. *Additional shops, page 140.*

VEVEAN

KAREN RADKAI

VOGUE, APRIL 15, 1957













## Eye-shadow blues *continued*

On these two pages, three of the blue eye shadows from Elizabeth Arden that apply beautifully to the blues in fashion now.

*Above:* Luminous Striking Blue eye shadow that could be even more luminous of an evening with a streak of gold or white or brown shadow *above* the streak of blue. *Sketched, left:* Silk and cashmere blues—the same, Italian-flubbed silk dress and silk-bound sweater, by Mr. Sig. \$125. Saks Fifth Avenue.

*Sketched, near right:* Silk tussah dress tied into its slender shape softly. By Georgia Bullock. \$70. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Frost Bros.

*Sketched, far right:* Silk suit with a sturdy constitution—it's herringbone weave tailored firmly. By Oscar of Beverly Hills; Bianchini silk. \$160. Saks Fifth Avenue. *Opposite page:* Pale blues—the shades and the fashion intensity are as different as night and day. Left, grey-blue printed silk organ-die dress worn with chandelier earrings of clear blue beads. Azurite eye shadow. Beauwin dress, short evening length. \$275. Saks Fifth Avenue; Harzfeld's. Right, one of the new handkerchief crêpe dresses in a blue that's as far from iris as the sky—and very clear. With it, a misty eye shadow—Striking. De Michel dress, \$35. Saks Fifth Avenue; L. S. Ayres. Kramer pale-blue earrings: Saks Fifth Avenue. *Additional shops, listed page 110*







Brushed on the eyes sketched, both pages (a water-colour brush is one of the best ways to make a clean eye-shadow line): Military Bleu, above; Pearly Blue, right. Both—extremes of the Elizabeth Arden spectrum. *This page:* Glare-free beach blues. Left, true blues: a play suit under a white shirt striped in three blues. Both, by Cannady, in cottons by Everfast, made crease-resistant by Everglaze. Suit, \$10. Shirt to tie on neatly, \$7. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Right, Rose Marie Reid sheath suit of iris-blue elasticized bengaline. Very low cut, it can easily be worn strapless—its support comes from within. \$23. Saks Fifth Avenue; Julius Garfinckel; Sakowitz. Blue eye shadow—Pompeii sunglasses: Saks Fifth Avenue. William J hat. *Opposite page:* Sketched left, a sashed sheath of turquoise silk Honan. By Pat Premo, \$60. Saks Fifth Avenue; Frost Bros. John Frederics flower hat—flowers printed on cotton. Centre, aqueous checks in aqueous blue on white cotton, its bareness a matter of cut rather than exposure. By California Girl; junior sizes. \$23. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Harzfeld's. Right, silk taffeta dress printed in flowers, *with* a flower—turquoise on pale blue. By Marjorie Michael, \$70. Saks Fifth Avenue; Frost Bros. *Additional shops, listed on page 140.*







## Eye-shadow blues *continued*





Blue streaks from Elizabeth Arden on both pages: Azurite and Sea Blue. The lighter Sea Blue eye shadow, right, would be a good choice as a sun tan darkens. Complexions that stay creamy summer-long could stay with the softer shading in Azurite. *This page:* Left, a blue streak—vertically. The softness: colour, polka-dotted streamers. By Ivan Fredericks, in linen-like Avisco rayon, \$17. This, at Saks Fifth Avenue; L. S. Ayres. Right, blue-and-white checked silk shirt beautifully dressed in a cummerbund. Cele dress; junior sizes. \$30. Saks Fifth Avenue; Sakowitz. *Opposite page:* Left, blue Belgian linen tweed suit with unlimited horizons—a white silk shirt added could see to that. By Adele, in Orsi fabric, \$80. Saks Fifth Avenue; Frederick & Nelson. Horizon-facing Emme hat. Centre, a blue Irish linen shirtwaist dress—a blousewaist, really, and a little one—by Mancini. \$30. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Julius Garfinckel. Right, silk chiffon, its propensity to float held in check by tucks. The white linen collar comes off for jewellery—but the chiffon bow stays, day or evening. By Maxwell Shieff, \$175. Saks Fifth Avenue; Harzfeld's. Emme hat—cloche-shaped. chiffon. *Additional shops, listed on page 140.*





Eye-shadow blues *continued*











On these four pages, good fashion for a fair-weather wardrobe, at a price that won't cast a cloud. It's this happy news: the summer-weight coat (more about it, page 67), arriving in almost as many fabrics as there are summer days—and arriving here with its own dress. What this means to an existing wardrobe is x new permutations. Point of arrival here: Grand Central Station. *Facing page:* Fair-weather coat that's a slender wrap of navy-blue cotton. It's lined with the blue-dotted white surah of its sheath dress, spreads the white idea via a wide collar. By Anita Modes. Dress of Celanese acetate surah (by Maxwell). Costume, \$45. White piqué cloche, by Betmar. Ingber bag. Richelieu fake pearls. All at Bendel's Young-Timers. Coat and dress also at Famous-Barr. *Left:* Here the coat's a cardigan, grown full length—pin-striped blue, green, and grey denim, grey-edged. Its dress, a narrow sleeveless sheath; all but the striped belt, of plain grey denim. By Jerry Greenwald of Cone cotton. Coat and dress, \$30. Junior sizes. Dachette hat. All at Saks Fifth Avenue. The costume, also at Julius Garfinckel. Coronet bag. *Below:* Coat-and-dress plan to multiply three ways—a fitted coat of deep blue slubbed rayon; a printed sheath (shades of blue, on white). Third way? Belted, buttoned, the coat's a coat-dress too. By Suzy Perette; dress of Celanese acetate surah by Goodman & Theise. Together, about \$65. Russeks; Joseph Magnin. John Fredericks Charmer hat.

Good buys bulletin:  
the coat that  
pays for its own dress





## Good buys bulletin

*continued*

*Far right:* A fair-weather coat cut slenderly of mid-blue Avisco rayon and cotton. This, good cover for almost any lightweight sheath—including its own: an easy matching sheath. By Rego, the fabric by Folker. Coat and dress, about \$55. In junior sizes. At Lillie Rubin; Woodward & Lothrop; Joseph Magnin. The white piqué cloche, by Betmar. *Directly right:* Delicious way for a fair-weather coat to look—creamy blond. Off-white canvas, looking sleek, not rugged: straight, well-collared, short-sleeved, and lined with the pin-dotted green cotton that makes the dress beneath. (The latter, a small-sleeved sheath.) By California Girl; dress of Bates Disciplined cotton. Together, about \$35. In junior sizes. Bloomingdale's; Julius Garfinckel; Joseph Magnin. The beige linen backswept cloche, by Amy, Marvella pseudo pearls, also Bloomingdale's.









## News by air: one light coat, and four props

The light coat is a navy-blue coat in colour—and a wardrobe with the four dresses here. Propelling the other news: four Rolls-Royce engines on each one of the new Capital Viscounts, giving a ride that is typically Rolls-Royce—smooth, quiet, elegantly above-it-all.

*The coat:* Hub of a wardrobe based, as here, on white, beige, navy blue. Not just Newport news, this navy-blue doeskin flannel, braided, brass-buttoned coat: a city's city could use the look beautifully nearly year-round. \$60. Hat, by Amy. Van Raalte gloves.

*Near right:* Above, a white silk dress that's above the weather—to wear now, evenings; daytime, in July. By Craely, \$30. Marvella beads. Below, navy-blue with white polka dots (it's their second appearance with the coat—see the granddaddy polka dots on the scarf, right). Dress, by Nantucket Naturals, in Couture silk surah, \$46. Madcaps white piqué hat. Van Raalte gloves.

*Far right:* Above, a loosely cut shirt and pleated skirt with staying power even in a pack-up-and-go schedule. They're beige Dacron-and-rayon and a good look to own in any town on the Capital Airlines map (St. Ste. Marie to Miami, and as far west as Minneapolis). By Leyton, in Triplex fabric. Blouse, \$13. Skirt, \$23. Amy hat. MM straw bag. Below, "sweater" that goes along: it could arrive, beige and cool (of linen-cotton-and-Dacron) almost anywhere, from airport to little dinner. Dress, by Goldworm, \$36. Van S rhinestone pin and inches-deep Colony belt.

*All clothes, accessories:* Peck & Peck.







KAZAN









# Vogue Patterns\* arriving in white

\*and easy from the  
word go—they're  
printed and perforated

Second lap of Vogue Patterns' travel wardrobe (embarkation point: April 1 issue): dresses that begin a holiday at the prepacking stage—they're cut from easy-to-read Printed and Perforated Patterns. The news? More ease—slimness set in motion by pleats; white—which is, all by itself, one of the strongest fashion statements you'll hear from us till September, on either side of any city's limits. *Left:* Tucks and pleats indented by a wide waistband. To wear... where, under the sun, not? This, Pattern 9147, of Arnel sharkskin by Cohama. Silk beret, a John Frederics Charmer. Bergère jewelry. Bag by Ingber. Customcraft shoes. *Right:* More sheath mobility. Here, Pattern 9143, in silk crêpe by Onondaga: tucked to the waist from a shallow yoke, then pleated. Coro bib; Sally V beret; white kidskin sandals by De Liso Debs. *Back views, sizes, yardages, page 140.*

Background: *A new holiday spot in the Virgin Islands. It's called Estate Carlton; is in St. Croix; is open year round (to fifty guests at a time); was rearranged from the largest of the old sugar plantations on the island. It contains a beach, a pool, a croquet green, tennis courts, and the only golf course on the Islands. Further details: you can reach Estate Carlton by through-flight—a Pan American plane lands directly on St. Croix.*





# The new age of white sharkskin



Comparing heights, here,  
four little girls,  
unanimously dressed  
in news. They're the  
first of the 7-to-12s  
to own dresses of the  
new Cohama sharkskin.  
(Made entirely of Arnel,  
its whiteness stays white,  
resists wrinkling.)  
We love the look—  
beginning now, under  
coats and sweaters.

*Sharkskin "tennis" dress,*  
far left: brass-buttoned;  
flagged with a tricolour belt.  
By RAR, about \$9.  
At Macy's; Meier & Frank.  
*Sharkskin princesse dress,*  
directly left: dot-tied,  
pleated—ready for  
Sunday lunch. About \$11.  
Saks Fifth Avenue;  
Harzfeld's. (All shoes,  
both pages, also from  
Saks Fifth Avenue.)





*Sharkskin party dress, left:*  
 newest way to  
 the all-white  
 party dress that's  
 the big thing now,  
 among little girls.  
 This, pleat-tailored;  
 with rims (not reams)  
 of coarse white lace.  
 By Kate Greenaway.  
 \$11. Bonwit Teller  
 Hudson's.

*Sharkskin middy dress,*  
 left: square-rigged  
 dress with pleats  
 from yoke to hem.  
 Belt, set in at sides,  
 buttoned loosely at the back.  
 Middy tie, as middy as can be:  
 navy-blue and white.  
 By Joseph Love,  
 about \$9. Best's;  
 J.W. Robinson.  
 (All gloves, both pages,  
 by Hansen, also at Best's.)



# GOSSIP MEMO ON TRAVEL: CANADA AND U.S.

PROVINCE OF QUÉBEC. The lively Seigniory Club is built on the principle of challenging sports and utmost comfort. Set on the Ottawa River, just an auto drive from either Ottawa or Montreal, the club is a mammoth, rambling log cabin with, right at hand, tennis courts, a golf course, a swimming pool, and, farther afield, miles of trout streams, woods for hunting. There is skeet shooting (their July competition approved by the National Skeet Association, in Dallas, Texas); there are horses to ride along the wooded trails. (In winter there are skiing, ice skating, and horse-drawn sleighs.) One may fly in by private plane, to an airport at Lachute—a phone call ahead will speed the necessary customs clearance. As this is a club, one must be introduced by a member. (Many of Canada's outstanding citizens belong.) Write The Secretary, Seigniory Club. P. O., Papi-neau County, Québec.

BRITISH COLUMBIA. *One may cruise up the shores from Vancouver to Alaska on the S.S. "Chilcotin" for ten cool days. She sails through the Inside Passage, passing the rugged beauty of Glacier Bay and Gardner Canal to Skagway. Here one may take a side trip through the White Pass and Yukon Route to Carcross. A large cabin with two real beds and bath costs \$375; others, with mere bunks, cost less. Write J. G. Buckeridge, Union Steamships, Ltd., Foot of Carrall Street, Vancouver 4, British Columbia.*

ONTARIO. Some Stephen Leacock fans might be interested in the new Stephen Leacock Hotel at his home town, Orillia, sitting nicely on Lake Simcoe, where, in each of the dozen or more rooms, are hung illustrations from his *Sunshine Sketches*.

NEW BRUNSWICK. *St. Andrews-by-the-Sea, across the bay from Maine, is known for its freedom from hay fever and its championship golf course. There are several resort hotels, and one, the Algonquin (run by Canadian Pacific), has two golf courses of its own. It also has a private beach, and most people dress for dinner. Rates start at \$16 a day with meals.*

## SPECIAL AMERICAN MOTELS.

In Washington, D. C., Marriott's Motor Hotel, on U.S. Route 1 near the airport, is enormous, has 370 rooms, each one with those symbols of modern motels: wall-to-wall carpeting and a television set. There is a pool for adults and a pool for children. Specialty: one selects a room without leaving one's car. The choice is made from coloured photographs which are brought to the car; a bellboy on a bicycle then leads the way.

In San Francisco, California, is Holiday Lodge on Van Ness Avenue, set in a landscape of flowers, right in the middle of town. Handsome, sound-proofed, balconied rooms are fixed up as sitting rooms, some with kitchenettes. The ubiquitous swimming pool is heated, the bar and dining room are pleasant, and there is plenty of room service. Specialty: the floor of its patio is radiant heated.

In Hamilton, Ohio, Eaton's Motor Hotel is at 1767 Dixie Highway, fifteen miles north of Cincinnati. Short on beauty (an old wooden house that has been oddly desecrated with "modern" additions), it provides endless comforts, from a pool, a coffee shop, a well-served trailer camp, and smörgåsbord meals, to Muzak in your room if you want it. Specialty: complete checkup on your car while you sleep.

In St. Joseph, Missouri, the Pony Express Motel is one block off Route 36. Of simple design, and so popular it is ever expanding, it has television sets, disappearing beds, and free coffee served all day. Specialty: the management's rare flair for making one feel welcome.

In New Orleans, Louisiana, the Motel de Ville is at 3800 Tulane Avenue. Two all-glass stories built on stilts (the cars parked underneath) surround a pool on three sides, the fourth open to busy, neon-lighted thoroughfare. It has a children's playground, roof-top dining, and is entirely air-conditioned. Specialty: all rooms are above street level, reached by elevator.

Note: Howard Johnson's is now building handsome Motor Lodges, all over the country, designed by two top architects, Rufus Nims and Carl Koch.

Cover for "Fashions in Living": 

## Princess Gourielli's bamboo art gallery

For Princess Gourielli's art gallery in her New York penthouse, Cecil Beaton designed a room that effectively shows some of her collection of paintings, drawings, and water colours. His method: bamboo almost everywhere, including the fireplace, which is lined with bamboo and has a bamboo screen. Even the long flower boxes (not shown) are bamboo and filled with a wild variety of green, growing plants. Whatever is not beige and not green is blue; the ceiling is sky-blue, crisscrossed with bamboo stalks. The bamboo table holds superb examples of Early American blue glass. The twin stools in front of the fireplace are Wedgwood. In the photograph on the opposite page: a Willem De Kooning painting over the fireplace. On the walls: Segonzac, Degas, Picasso, Matisse. On other walls: Gromaire, Klee, Dufy, Gris, Chirico, Léger, Modigliani, all with thin gold frames.



# VOGUE'S FASHIONS *in* LIVING







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# DUNBAR

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# THEY LIVE IN AN EX-MOVIE STUDIO

Beginning on this page: photographs  
of the 'Tony Duquettes' house

The old, empty Beverly Hills studio, like a great warehouse, where Norma Talmadge used to make movies, has been changed into an odd and charming workshop, where Tony Duquette and his wife both live and work. Part of the attraction comes from the use of diverse and frequently unexpected materials. Mrs. Duquette, who is the painter Elizabeth Johnstone, works with her husband, who designs furniture, jewels, and fabrics, and who has exhibited at the Louvre's Pavillon de Marsan. A volatile man with an imaginative mind, Mr. Duquette likes to put together his inventions and his treasures. Here are examples of some of both. **THE ENTRANCE HALL** (upper right) is a refreshing assortment of colour, period, and texture. White walls of acoustical tile contrast with a black-blocked cement floor and rare brass-mounted wooden Spanish doors. Duquette designed the slim metal holders for immense clam shells; fills these with yellow feathery Cymbidium. On the wall, an eighteenth-century Mexican primitive in quiet blues and pinks, above a colonial Mexican chest. **THE OFFICE** (lower right) is sometimes converted into a dining room, with the ormolu-rimmed table (here topped with a bowl of red pomegranates), seating four, for small parties. Here the flooring is squared marbleized asphalt tiling, and the walls are covered in Indian burlap. Eighteenth-century accents are a French desk, a red folding English camp chair. An African sculpture stands between Adam doors and towering filing cabinets, which are actually old Veronese apothecary boxes. *(Continued on the next page)*









## THE DUQUETTE

### HOUSE *continued*

THE THEATRE ROOM (left), formerly a shell of space, is now an enchanted background for parties. There Tony Duquette shows, to invited audiences, sets on which he is working and there he stages ballets or episodes from plays. (He designed, among others, sets and costumes for the movie, *Kismet*, and for the San Francisco Opera Company's *Der Rosenkavalier*.) Over this seascape of a room, Duquette's pink-and-green iron chandeliers, pranked with glass balls and Italian star-shaped bulbs, branch like coral. Old, faded turquoise shutters border the stage which is curtained in woven felt and Lurex. On either side of the proscenium, carved Venetian dolphins balance eighteenth-century wall panels, turned into screens to hide light towers. The terrazzo floors, actually plywood, are sprayed with Zolatone, giving lustre to the blues and greens. (The walls are hung with muslin.) Flowery pedestals under the consoles and the garlands around the mirrors are of painted plastic (all Duquette-designed, as are the chairs in the upper right photograph).

TABLE FOR SIX (upper right). One of a group for large buffet suppers in the Theatre Room, the table is laid with a lemon-yellow silk cloth, pink napkins, Mexican silver service plates, and Moroccan brass water glasses. As a centre-piece: camellias and candles surround a fantasy, intricately carved. The chairs of gold-leaf metal frames are upholstered in tufted persimmon velvet.

TABLE FOR EIGHT (lower right). In a corner of the kitchen this table glows prettily. Here the Duquettes entertain for eight or ten at dinner. Covering the table, a black-and-white plaid denim cloth; the napkins are pink. His marbled fruit and brass fretwork pineapples, heaped in an inverted turtle shell, form the centrepiece, encircled by eight whale-oil lamps. From Venice come the gracefully curved, cane-seated chairs; the demilunar ash trays; the silver knives are pistol-handled and heavy. For the food, prepared in another part of the kitchen, see the Duquette menus and recipes on page 135.



JOHN ENGSTEAD



# ITALIAN ARCHITECTURAL



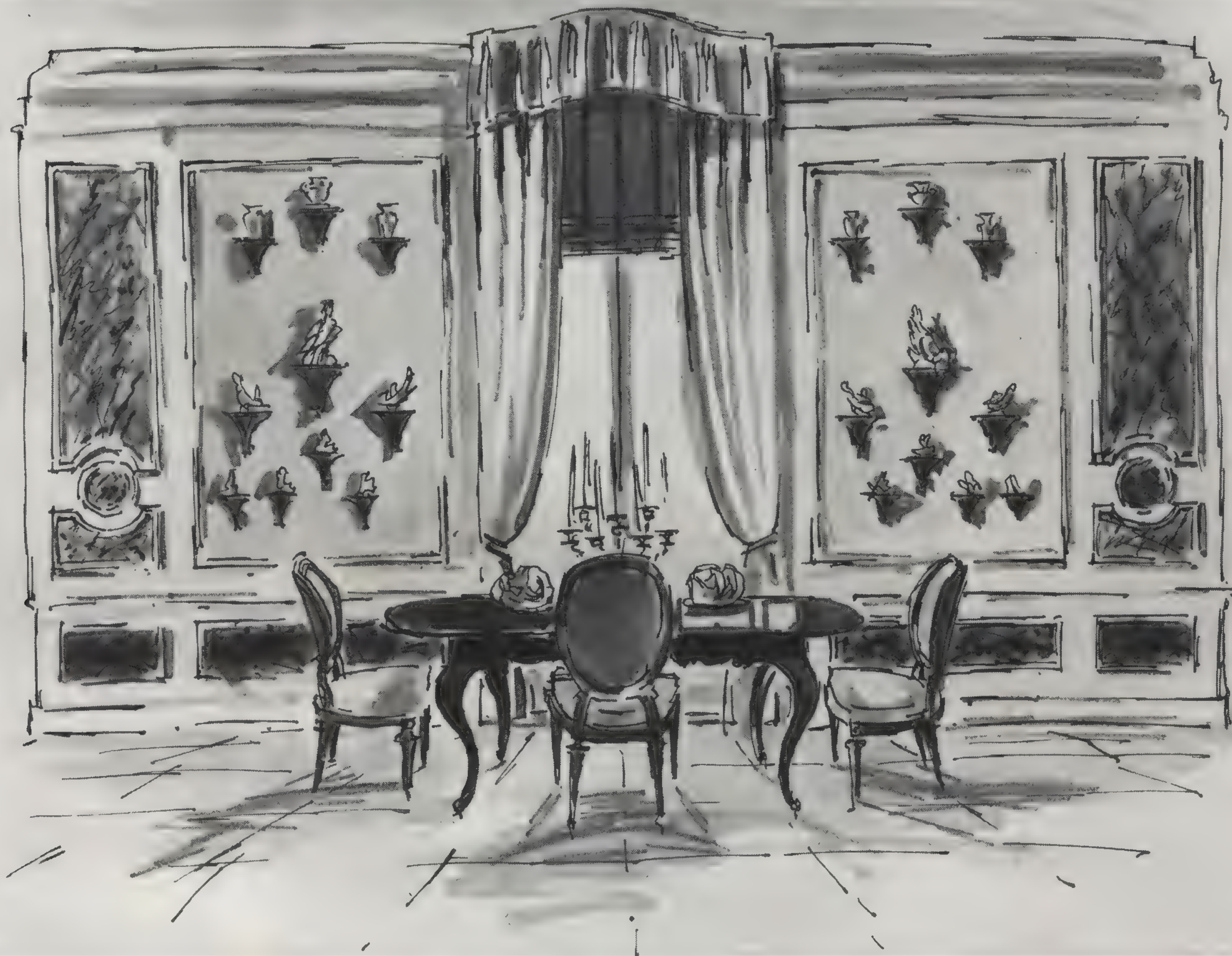
## “Moulding” painted on via stencil

The news here: a way to turn four flat walls into four decorative walls without making a single architectural change (or breaking the lease). The idea is *trompe-l'œil* moulding, painted on the walls over a stencil. Basis for the moulding above, for instance (and in fact, for the entire room), was a small sitting room of the Villa Pisani at Stra, one of the historic eighteenth-century Italian palaces between Venice and Padua. To duplicate the stylized floral moulding of the original, a stencil is placed over the walls (white, in this case), and the green leaves and branches are painted on in a dimensional effect. More ideas from the Villa Pisani that might be adapted to twentieth-century rooms: prints framed in green wood and massed over the sofa; green jalousie blinds at the windows; a marble-patterned wainscoting, painted around the walls. For rooms on the outlook for summer refreshment, these could be adapted easily, too: curtains of thin white batiste; slip covers of green and white striped cotton. The floors might be well-waxed hardwood, or composition tile. Stencil—in this or other designs—to order according to the scale of your room, through Olivieri.





# DETAILS—PAINTED ON



## “Panelling” painted on in a marble pattern

The news here: more non-architectural architecture—marbleized panels, wainscoting, false *boiserie*, all to be applied with a paint brush. The plan for this room—inspired by a dining room of the seventeenth-century Palazzo Quirini at Venice—works this way: mouldings are painted white, then undershadowed with red paint to simulate *boiserie*; the panels and wainscoting are marble-patterned in pink-to-red-to-orange paint, and outlined with white. The effect: somewhat formal, quietly elegant. More news in this direction: Roman shades of red and white striped cotton, loosely framed by white batiste curtains and an airy valance of free-hanging batiste. As in the room opposite, what were once marble floors might now be wood. Or “marbleized” tile (first reported here March 1). Or polished ceramic tile. On the walls flanking the window: a staggered arrangement of fruitwood brackets holding blanc de chine porcelain (a charming way to house any collection of pottery or fine china). Both the pattern for the painted panelling here, and the stencil shown on the opposite page, are available now in several designs . . . orderable according to the scale of your room, through Olivieri.







ERIC PORTMAN

PENN

## DOUBLE BILL: SEPARATE TABLES, NEW FOODS





#### MARGARET LEIGHTON

In the powerful Broadway hit, *Separate Tables*, Eric Portman and Margaret Leighton resolve their romantic tangles from isolated damask-covered planets in the dining room of a genteel seaside hotel. Here, seated at the same solitary and separate tables, they face a remarkable collection of wines and foods, many of them new to this country. Vogue did the marketing, canvassing the shops, finding such delights as a special soy sauce from Hong Kong, Italian wafers from Montecatini, a liqueur from the Basque country, a French cheese now imported. For names and details, turn to next page.



# DOUBLE BILL *continued*

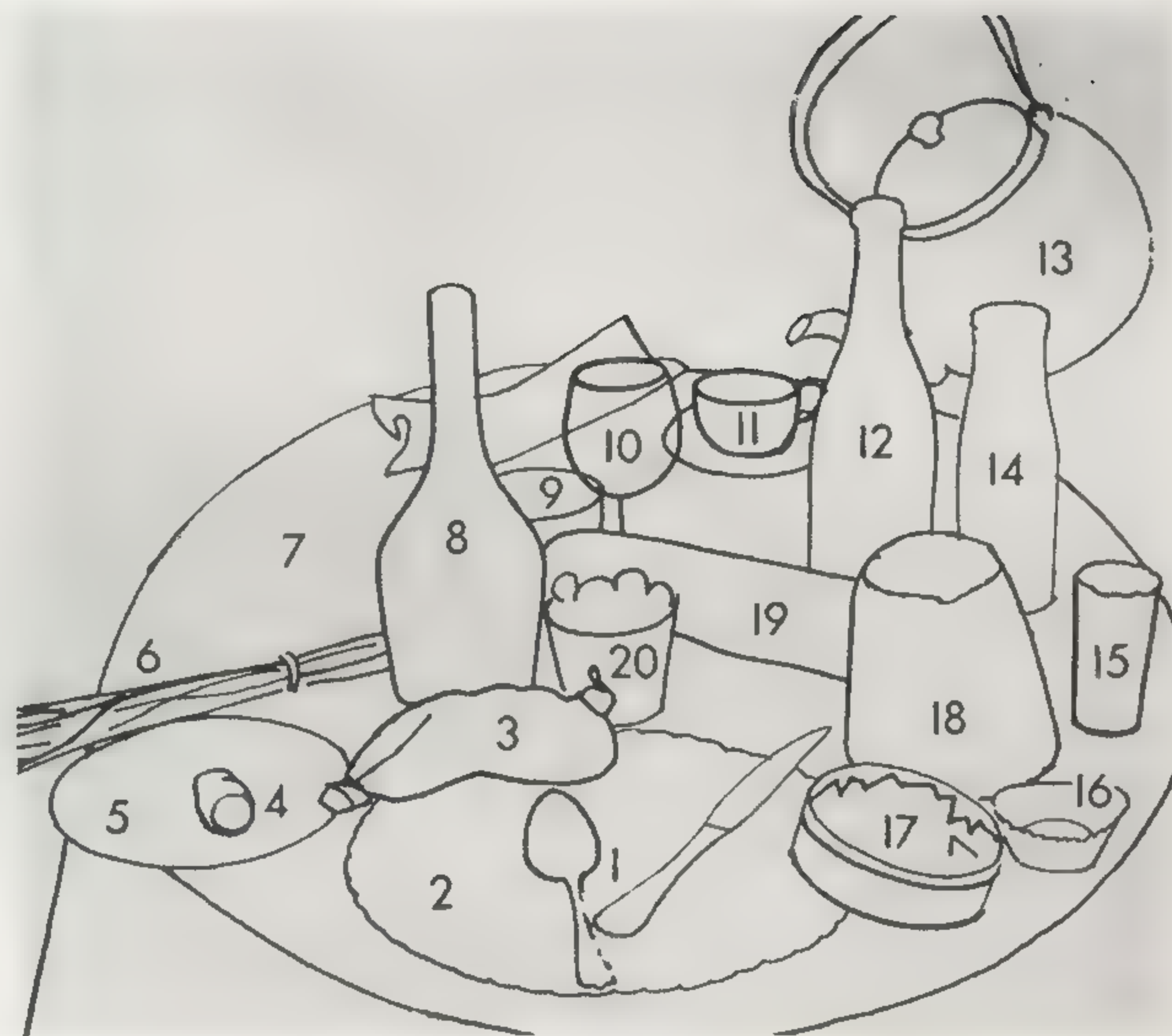
## SEPARATE TABLES

### NEW FOODS



ERIC PORTMAN'S TABLE

1. Sterling silver dessert spoon in Lunt's Early American Plain pattern, \$7.25 (\$39.50 for a six-piece place setting); at Plummer's. 2. Brightly wrapped, round Italian macaroons—Amaretti Di Saronno, \$2 a lb.; at Chauncey's. 3. Rusks from Holland, 55 cents a box; at Bloomingdale's. 4. White queen's ware 10" dinner plate, Plain Traditional by Wedgwood, \$1.25; at Altman's. 5. From Japan—a long-handled fly swatter, \$1.25; at Bonniers. 6. Salami from Italy, \$2.50 a lb.; at Lamanna. 7. Blanc de Blancs Still Champagne, from France; \$2.50 a bottle, from Sherry Wine & Spirits. 8. White china coffee pot, \$12.50; at Serendipity. 9. Boned Italian ham, Prosciutto de San Daniele, \$3.50 a lb.; at Lamanna. 10. Huile d'Olive Vierge, olive oil from Marseille, \$2.50 for a 16-oz. bottle; at Chauncey's. 11. From Finland—giant cup and saucer in white Arabia ware, \$3; from Bonniers. 12. Crystal wine-tasting glass, \$6.50; at Baccarat. 13. Haitian straw place mat, \$1 each; at Bonniers. 14. From England—Devonshire cockles, 65 cents a jar; at Altman's. 15. Euphrates rounds, Armenian bread, 80 cents a box; at Chauncey's. 16. Triple Crème Parfait cheese from L'Île de France, \$2.50 a lb.; at Altman's. 17. Antique grey enamel coffee pot, \$9.50; at Serendipity. 18. Pitted and candied kumquats, \$1.10 a jar; at Altman's. 19. La Grappe, French cheese sprinkled with grape seeds, \$2.50 a lb.; at Bloomingdale's. 20. French anchovy sauce—J. P. Aproz Alimentaries, \$1.75 a bottle; at Bloomingdale's. 21. Earthenware crock of soy sauce from Hong Kong, \$3; at Chauncey's. 22. Round white tablecloth of Belgian linen and Point Milan lace, 90" diameter, \$495, with 12 napkins; at Léron.



MARGARET LEIGHTON'S TABLE

1. Dinner knife and dessert spoon in Gorham's Old French pattern; the knife, \$8.25, spoon \$7.25; \$38.75 for a six-piece place setting; at Black, Starr & Gorham. 2. White fluted plate in Lenox Temple pattern, \$13.95 a place setting; at Tiffany. 3. Twisted sausage, from Italy, \$2.20 a lb.; at Lamanna. 4. Bouchons de Champagne, candy champagne corks made of chocolate, \$1.25 a box; at Chauncey's. 5. Cialde Termali, Italian wafer rusk from Montecatini, \$2.50 a tin; at Bloomingdale's. 6. Beating whisk from Sweden, 35 cents; Nyborg & Nelson. 7. White Belgian linen tablecloth, 90" diameter, \$18; matching napkins, \$12 a doz.; at Léron. 8. Izarra, liqueur from the Basque country, \$10.30 a bottle in New York; at M. Lehmann. 9. Artichoke hearts, stuffed with tuna, \$1.25 a can; at Altman's. 10. Hand-blown crystal wine glass, \$1.95; at Chauncey's. 11. Black basalt teacup and saucer, Bute shape by Wedgwood, \$4 each; at Black, Starr & Gorham. 12. Blanc Fumé, Grand Vin de Pouilly, from France, \$2.93 a bottle in New York; from M. Lehmann. 13. Japanese teapot of gold anodized aluminum with wicker-wrapped handle, \$11; at Serendipity. 14. Curry paste from India, \$2.50 a jar; at Chauncey's. 15. German crystal glass, \$4; at Serendipity. 16. Croulette pastry shell, \$1.75 a can; at Bloomingdale's. 17. Crystallized mint leaves from Toulouse, 89 cents a box; at Bloomingdale's. 18. Sicilian cheese, \$1.60 a lb.; at Lamanna. 19. Fluted French bread, 20 cents a loaf; at Vendôme. 20. Doric olives, 55 cents a jar; at Vendôme. Not in the picture, these newly imported wines from France: Nectarose, Vin Rosé d'Anjou, \$2.14 a fifth; Vouvray-St.-Valentin, \$2.33 a fifth in New York.



### 3 PLACES TO REMEMBER

(Continued from page 71)

the avenues of old stone lanterns, tame deer wander gently, and on an autumn night—I was there in autumn—a gigantic harvest moon may be abruptly spooned out into space to attach itself in the branches of an old gnarled pine, as if to illustrate how well nature can copy Hiroshige.

#### GREECE

The memory from Greece takes place in the early spring. On a morning of light rain, falling in an atmosphere so curiously bright and white that it gave the feeling of travelling inside an enormous pearl, I drove leisurely from Athens to the site of the ancient temple of Poseidon above the sea at Sunium. When the sun emerged our small party stopped to lunch at a wayside inn in a field of blossoming *asphodel* (never to be confused with narcissus in the Aegean Isles), there to drink glasses of *retsina*, the local wine, fresh from its resinated barrel, and to eat rough, home-baked bread spread with honey from the bees of Mt. Hymettus. In that peculiarly lambent air of Greece, with good *retsina* warming our minds, we were suspended in a timeless haze; the past and the future became one.

#### INDIA

Darjeeling is one of the several famous hill stations of the Himalayas. Here the sight of fabled beauty at every turn, the sense, behind the immediate scene, of invisible forces forever creating change, a brooding air of mystery, linked with a quite inexplicable familiarity, made it for me an unforgettable place.

This enchanting town lies on a high green ridge facing the mountain barrier of the Indian north. Memories of Darjeeling return shrouded always in grey mist—for it was foggy when I first saw it and remained so during most of my stay. But this circumstance of weather seemed only to heighten the magic that clings to the very name itself: Darjeeling, "The Place of the Dorje," the mystical thunderbolt of Tibetan Lamaism.

The patched fog alternately hid and revealed the giant snow-caps, in particular the grandeur of Kanchenjunga, only a little less high than Everest. Tourists with the hardihood to reach Tiger Hill before daybreak are usually re-

warded by a sight of Everest itself, shining far in the distance. Darjeeling seems to say to the visitor: "Beauty, as you can see, is not a fixed thing; it is alternately revealed and concealed. All living things change, pass; only the mountains remain." But one's spirit, perhaps because of the high air and all the natural splendour of the scene, is not cast down by this somewhat melancholy contrast between the durability of men and mountains.

The English who made this remote district in the province of Bengal into a resort by untold expenditures of money, imagination, and energy, have only recently left. Some of the symbols of their brief occupancy remain behind. First of all there is the tiny, zig-zagging, narrow-gauge railroad, an engineering feat of the last century, that climbs and winds its way from the plateau carrying those travellers who do not choose to drive the precipitous road, a dizzying seven thousand feet ascent through the undulating landscapes of the tea plantations.

But the diminutive cars of this enchanting railroad, which runs without cogwheels, will never again transport all the cosy comforts and lavish paraphernalia of the families of British officialdom leaving the sweltering plains for the cool hills on their annual summer migration.

It is not alone the enduring mountains on the Darjeeling skyline which prevent overemphasis on such a minor historic change as the departure of the British from this small, beloved slice of their dwindling Empire. One has only to go down the steep winding streets to the market square to be presented with another perspective. For here are to be seen a mixture of peoples, largely unknown to the West, who indicate by their speech and dress, their faces and bodily movements, wholly different, highly developed, racial and cultural strains. At least ten distinct languages are spoken among these natives of the Himalayan foothills.

In the medley of the Darjeeling market place one soon comes to recognize the Tibetans with their cheerful Mongoloid faces, their extravagant jewellery. One also learns to know the gentle Lepchas from the land of Sik-

(Continued on page 134)

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## California dressing: light—and shadow

(Continued from  
pages 102-109)



*Above:* A beautiful transparency (as all good eye shadows should be), this pale-blue batiste shirt of dress length. Buttons, cummerbund are satin in an off-shade of blue. By Travilla; Guild cotton. About \$165. Saks Fifth Avenue.



*Left:* Pale-blue cotton shirt dress looking very cool even though the sleeves are a new longer length—the collar's cut away at front to a V. Dress, by Nadler, in a Guild cotton. \$60. Saks Fifth Avenue; L. S. Ayres.



*Right:* Tropic variety of roses (pale blue, mauve) on a dimity dress that can take the sun or the klieg lights very coolly. By Taffy; \$40. At Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Stix Baer & Fuller. *Below:* Silk shantung dress with a collar calculated to do wonderful things for the whole figure. The colour: a clear near-turquoise that sparkles everything in sight in true-blue eye-shadow tradition. By Jane André, in junior sizes. \$35. Saks Fifth Avenue; Frederick & Nelson. *Other shops on page 140.*



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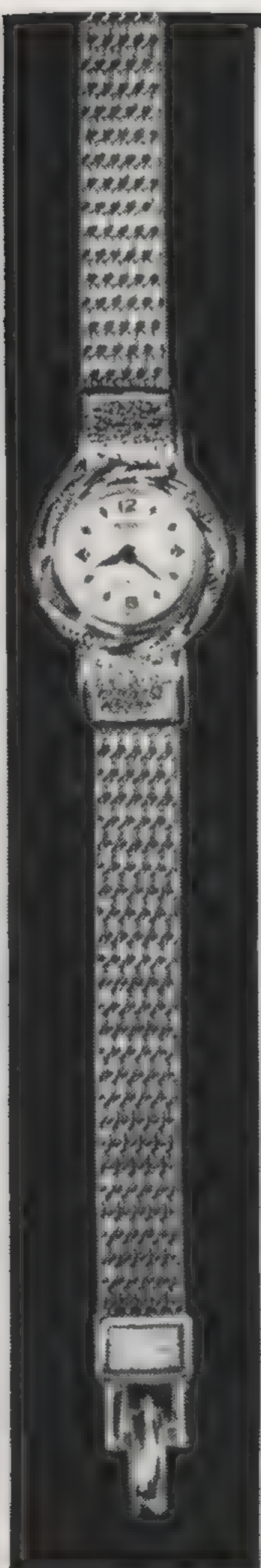


*Longines watches left to right: Deauville—graceful bracelet watch in 14K gold, \$375; Starlight Splendor S-E 28/6M—aristocratic 14K gold watch, set with 28 round and 6 marquise diamonds, \$795; Starlight B200—magnificent 14K gold bracelet watch, fully paved with 200 superb quality diamonds, \$2000. Prices include Federal tax.*

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## 3 PLACES TO REMEMBER

(Continued from page 131)

kim, a hill people of distinctive beauty; the men extraordinarily, almost effeminately graceful, the women with lovely faces and quick smiles. The Lepchas are a race of true naturalists who for centuries have given specific names to all their trees, flowers, birds, and insects. Yet these wise and gentle people are slowly, and inexplicably, dying out.

At our appearance in the old Tibetan monastery at Ghoom, just outside Darjeeling, the elderly abbot left his prayer wheel to come blinking into the grey-white light wearing his mediaeval Chinese-style robes and tricorner hat. A young monk, ill-clad and dirty, lifted the enormous golden horn that stood inside the temple door and blew it for his visitors. The powerful notes rolled with the fog around the crumbling stone stupas on the hillside.

On our way home, walking up the slanting roadway to our pleasant hotel, an astrologer wearing a fantastic purple turban sprinkled with stars and the crescent moon—a noble old man with a magnificent white beard cleft sharply into two halves—darted from the doorway of a Victorian house crying, "Your fortunes, sahib, mem-sahib. I can tell both the past and the future, for very few rupees. I am famous for my astounding accuracy." But we had had enough for one day of the past and the future. Besides we were cold and badly wanted our tea. We politely declined his services. The fog soon hid him from us quite as completely as our futures were hidden "ahead" in our linear Western time. Yet he has remained, firmly fixed in my memory, the symbol of a visit to Darjeeling.



# MENUS AND RECIPES OF THE TONY DUQUETTES'

(Continued from page 125)

Note: Asterisks indicate recipes given for these dishes.

## Dinner in the Kitchen

### GUACAMOLE\*

Served with Fritos

CHICKEN LIVERS

ALBÓNDIGA SOUP\*

BARBECUED CHICKEN

CHILES RELLENOS WITH SAUCE\*

FRIJOLES

FRIED RICE

GREEN SALAD

BEL PAESE CHEESE

MACÉDOINE OF FRUIT

## Buffet Supper in the Theatre Room

CREAMED CHICKEN AMANDINE\*

STUFFED ZUCCHINI\*

GREEN SALAD WITH

MARINATED CHOPPED ARTICHOKE

HEARTS AND AVOCADO

CHERRY AND KIRSCH ICE\*

PETITS FOURS

## RECIPES

### GUACAMOLE

2 ripe avocados

1 ripe tomato

½ onion, minced fine

Jalapeño peppers, chopped

Lemon juice

Chiles

Salt and pepper

Mash the avocados with the ripe peeled tomato. Add minced onion, a little lemon juice, chopped jalapeño peppers. Season with salt and pepper. Use chiles to taste, for desired spiciness. Serve with Fritos; for six to eight.

### ALBÓNDIGA SOUP

4 tablespoons oil

1 onion, minced

¼ cup tomato sauce

3 quarts chicken stock

1 pound fresh peas

½ pound string beans

3 tablespoons raw rice

½ pound ground pork

½ pound ground beef

6 mint leaves

¼ cup chopped parsley

1 egg, slightly beaten

Salt and pepper

Fry onion in oil 5 minutes, then add to tomato sauce and stock. When mixture is boiling, add cubed vegetables. Prepare meat as follows: mix cooked rice into meat, adding chopped parsley and mint leaves, egg, salt and pepper, and form into balls. Drop into boiling stock, cover tightly, and let simmer half an hour. Serves six to eight.

### CHILES RELLENOS

8 Ortega's green chiles

8 oblongs of cream cheese,

2 x ½ x ½ inches

4 eggs

4 tablespoons flour

Shortening

Stuff each whole, peeled green chile with an oblong of cheese. Separate eggs, beat whites until stiff, then add yolks. Add flour. Dip chiles into batter, one at a time, and fry in hot shortening. Brown on both sides; drain on absorbent paper. Serves eight.

### Sauce (one quart)

2 cups tomatoes, lightly stewed

2 cups chicken or beef stock

1 onion

1 clove garlic

1½ teaspoon salt

½ teaspoon pepper

½ teaspoon orégano

Strain stewed tomatoes through a sieve. Fry onions in hot oil, 1½ inches deep, but do not brown. Add onions and chopped garlic to tomatoes. Pour in chicken or beef stock and boil. Once bubbling, add orégano, salt, and pepper. Pour a little sauce on each chile.

### CREAMED CHICKEN AMANDINE

1 six pound chicken

Enough stock to cover chicken

½ cup chopped carrots

½ cup chopped white turnips

½ cup chopped green celery

2 leeks

6 sprigs parsley

Sprig of thyme

2 bay leaves

5 cloves

6 peppercorns

½ pound fresh mushrooms

2 large green peppers

½ cup canned pimienta, drained

2 tablespoons butter

Salt

8 patty shells or a vol-au-vent

Make a stock of carrots, turnips, celery, leeks, parsley, bay leaves, thyme, cloves, peppercorns, and salt to taste. Put the chicken in the stock mixture and simmer slowly for 2½ to 3 hours. Then let the bird cool in the broth. Discard skin and bones; dice the meat.

Slice the mushrooms, green peppers, and pimientas, all thin. Sauté in butter; drain off the butter. Add the chicken meat. Keep the mixture hot while preparing sauce. Serves eight.

### Sauce

3 cups medium white sauce

3 egg yolks

Salt

White pepper

Nutmeg

(Continued on page 137)



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## PROVENCE, THE LONG SWEET VIEW

(Continued from page 73)

Columbus planted a European banner in the New World.

"Geographically," a distinguished Frenchman once declared, "peace and happiness begin where garlic is used in cooking." Provence, then, is that beginning place, straddling as it does the northern traveller's high-road—the Great Trade Route—to Italy and Spain and Greece and all the islands of the Mediterranean. Here a meal without garlic would be as incomprehensible and as flat as a morning without sun; this is the land of garlic sauces, garlic butter, garlic stews, of fish soups with garlic, mutton with garlic, and of course, salads with garlic.

For the northerner, Provençal garlic is a matter of acclimatization; he must acquire a tolerance, as in another land—Tibet or Bolivia—the voyager achieves a tolerance for thin air. The wine tolerance, also in order, is perhaps more rapidly acquired. The grape grows widely in the coastal plains and upland valleys of Provence; and as our frontier ancestors felt about whiskey, so the *Provençaux* feel about their wine—all of it's good, but some's a little better. There's a particular affection for the *rosé* wines of Cassis, a spectacularly handsome fishing and farming community, thirteen miles from Marseille over the thrusting hills.

There may be no very great wines in Provence—no Château Lafite, no Château d'Yquem. Still, a man can live a long time, and comfortably, on the sturdy Provençal reds and *rosés*, La Palette, Bandol, and Bellet. I myself prefer above others the pink Cassis, widely favoured as the uniquely appropriate dinner partner of Mediterranean rock fish and the distinguished bouillabaisse. (Cassis, incidentally, stands just twenty-one kilometers from my dining room table.)

Garlic, grapes, and olives—these constitute the blood and shape the temper of Provence. As for the olive trees, their dry and smoky and sometimes silvery tones are the truest symbol of the landscape. Its area is almost exactly equivalent to Vermont's, with a notably milder climate. The population is about two million, or not quite as many people as live in Oklahoma, where serious settle-

ment started twenty-five hundred years later than in Provence. The single large town, Marseille, France's second city and first port, is in Provence but not truly of it—the affiliation is geographical, not spiritual, much like New York City's relationship to the Hudson River Valley.

Through the centuries Provence's great names have included Cézanne and Mirabeau, William of Orange, Daudet of the Windmill, Nostradamus, Fabre the entomologist, Mistral the Nobel prize poet, Zola the crusader. The Marquis de Sade slept here. Vlainck painted at Cassis, Stevenson lived at Hyères, Matisse decorated a chapel in Vence, Picasso made capitalist-priced pottery at Vallauris. And I suppose almost everybody knows by now that Casanova maintained an irregular connection with a hoyden named Henriette at Aix, that Victor Hugo missed the boat in Provence with a theatrical person called Alice Ozy, whose birthday-suit portrait from the brush of Chassériau is yet available for ogling in a prominent public place, and that Petrarch wrote his deathless odes and sonnets to Madonna Laura of Avignon but sired two offspring by other women. It will be as long remembered that Vincent Van Gogh and his unruly sometime friend, Gauguin, lifted for a season the eyebrows of Arles.

Arles is a place to begin, fifty-six miles up the fine road from Marseille and the sea, a town very long in the tooth, having been founded by Phoenicians and developed by the legions of Julius Caesar, for whom the principal hotel is named. Very recently a hotel was named, too, for Van Gogh, though, as far as I know, no painting by him exists anywhere in the community; once nobody wanted one, now nobody can afford one. A few reproductions and an inferior bust are on view in the pint-size Van Gogh room of the Museon Arlaten founded by Mistral, but do not expect people in the street a block away to know what you're talking about when you inquire after *le peintre hollandais* who so vividly delineated their sunflowers and cypresses.

Arles is Roman shoulders-deep; understandably it hasn't much time for crazy Hollanders, for Johnny-come-lately daubers.

Old friends of the Eternal City may be interested, and I trust in no wise offended, to learn that the colosseum at Arles is more than a hundred years older than its counterpart close by the Tiber. Moreover, Arles's arena is still used for bloodletting, though nowadays it is concentrated on Franco-Iberian bulls rather than insistent Christians. A short walk from the arena are the remains of the Roman theatre, where the Venus of Arles was found. "One of the sweetest legacies of the ancient world," said Henry James, who paid an ecstatic visit in the moonlight, some seventy years ago.

In the principal place of Arles, one can stand close beside the obelisk and look up at the Cathedral of St.-Trophime; its richly carved twelfth-century front, a living portal crowded with saints and prophets, with angels and winged beasts and a stone embroidery of grotesque ornament, all by some happy chance almost perfectly preserved through the ages. Here is one of the grandest Romanesque achievements in all France.

Arles, once one of the most important cities of the Roman Empire, glories in enough pagan monuments and Christian relics to keep the traveller on the double for a month or a season. But when the hour for luncheon strikes, the proper course is out of town—down to the brawling, untamed river Rhône and over the bridge into unremarkable Trinquetaille.

Take my word for it that Trinquetaille had its day, too, as a throbbing Roman beehive, under Caesar, under Constantine; now it's the merest suburb of Arles, *en face* across the river. You turn sharply right at the bridge's end; a narrow road parallels the river for a half mile and stops dead. Unship your picnic basket. Take the path—there's only one, no mistaking it—along the river bank, moving upstream. In scarcely two minutes you arrive at a stone ramp, all that remains of a railway bridge blasted in World War II. Impeccable grassy slopes. A fallen slab to make a table top. And at your feet the Rhône, swift and blue or swift and earth-yellow, born in the Alps of Swiss parents, one of the great historical rivers of Europe, tumbling over five hundred miles from source to mouth. She is a tempestuous, bickering, unpredictable, beautiful river.

But about picnicking, I am, by inclination, early training, and

(Continued on page 138)



## THE CAMARGUE

(Continued from page 75)

desert, and reeds cluster in ragged diagonals about the cabins of the horse wranglers as they do about the huts of Central Asia's nomads. The great spaces, offering no shelter, edge one's fascination with distrust of the wind and the sun. Men of The Camargue wear hats, vests, and jackets, and they rarely take off their jackets. Denys Colomb de Daunant is no exception. A moujik's beard covers his face as though to protect it. When he bathes on the beach at Les Saintes Maries, he goes into the sea well covered. The people of The Camargue are a clan apart; to know them and their untrammelled land is good and reviving.

### PRACTICAL NOTES ON THE CAMARGUE

*The Club de Cacharel* has five bedrooms, three of them double, and is open all year. Board, about \$14 a day, taxes and service included. The eight guests eat together at one table, country style. Country cooking, typically Provençal. *Horses:* Included in the price of board and lodging is one horse placed at the disposal of each guest all day, every day. For about \$300 one can buy a thoroughbred Camargue horse, sturdy, intelligent, and capable of exceptional performance.

*Clothes:* It is probably simpler, more sensible, and certainly more fun to adopt for The Camargue the clothes of the wrangler. In the rue de la République in Arles, wranglers' breeches cost \$7 to \$9; plain black velvet jackets, about \$35; the cowboy hats, \$4.50 or more. La Maison Rapetti, 16 rue de la République, has superb cotton shirts for about \$12, skirts about \$17, cotton bandannas, from \$2. Advice: Take your own rubber boots and a supply of insect repellent; the mosquitoes and midges are out in force after sundown.

*Children* from the age of eight can ride under the supervision of the wranglers. Stout-hearted parents can actually take short leaves from Cacharel, and their offspring will be dutifully looked after. *No extra charge for this.*

*To do:* In the summer, the horses are shod and branded, and bulls are selected for the bullfights. Membership in the Bullfight Club of Cacharel entitles one to attend six shoeing and branding sessions. A word with the innkeeper and a fee of about \$3 will pave the way for this. During the winter, visitors can attend training sessions for the horses, or watch the droves of black cattle and the eel fishing in the marshes.

## MENUS AND RECIPES OF THE TONY DUQUETTES'

(Continued from page 135)

¼ cup dry sherry  
1 cup almonds

Add beaten egg yolks to white sauce; combine with chicken and vegetables. Season with salt, pepper, and nutmeg. Reheat, without boiling, and stir in the sherry, and almonds, blanched, toasted, and shredded. Serve in patty shells or a *vol-au-vent*.

### STUFFED ZUCCHINI

6 zucchini  
½ cup chopped raw spinach  
2 tablespoons minced onion  
Parmesan cheese  
2 tablespoons butter  
1 cup bread crumbs  
Salt and pepper

Cook zucchini in boiling salt water for 10 minutes. Cut zucchini in boat shapes and scoop out centres.

Mix pulp with raw spinach, minced onion, Parmesan cheese, and remaining ingredients. Fill zucchini shells and bake in 350° oven for 15 minutes. Serve with bacon. Serves six.

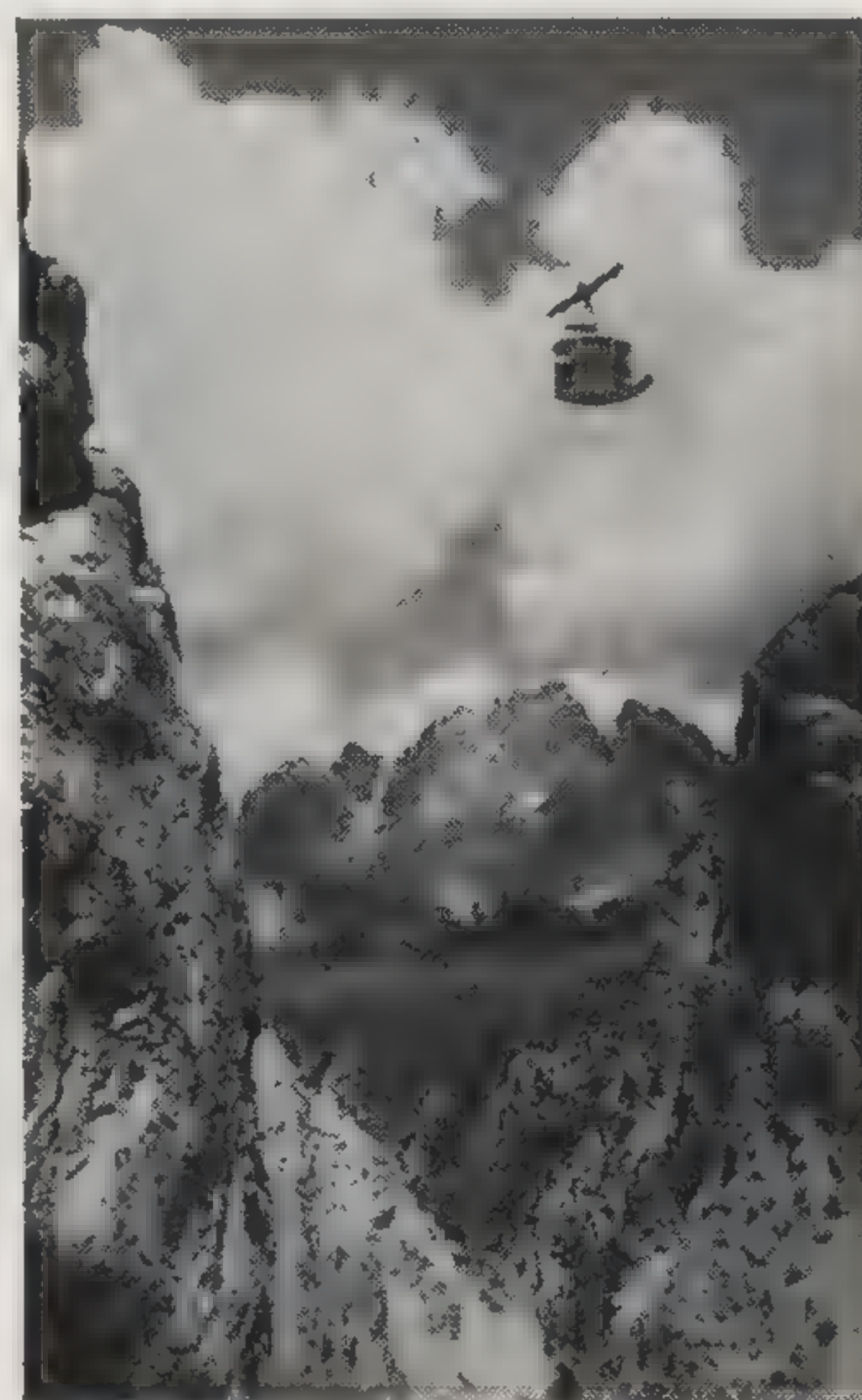
### CHERRY AND KIRSCH ICE

½ cup sugar  
½ cup sauterne  
1 cup pitted, ripe black cherries  
¼ cup light honey  
2 tablespoons kirsch  
⅛ teaspoon salt

Boil the sugar and sauterne together for 5 minutes, counting from the time the first bubbles appear. Set aside to cool. Press the cherries through a sieve, then strain through a double layer of cheesecloth. Beat together the cherry juice, the sugar syrup, and the honey with a rotary beater and add, during the beating, kirsch and salt. Freeze. Serves six.



VENICE



CORTINA D'AMPEZZO

See  
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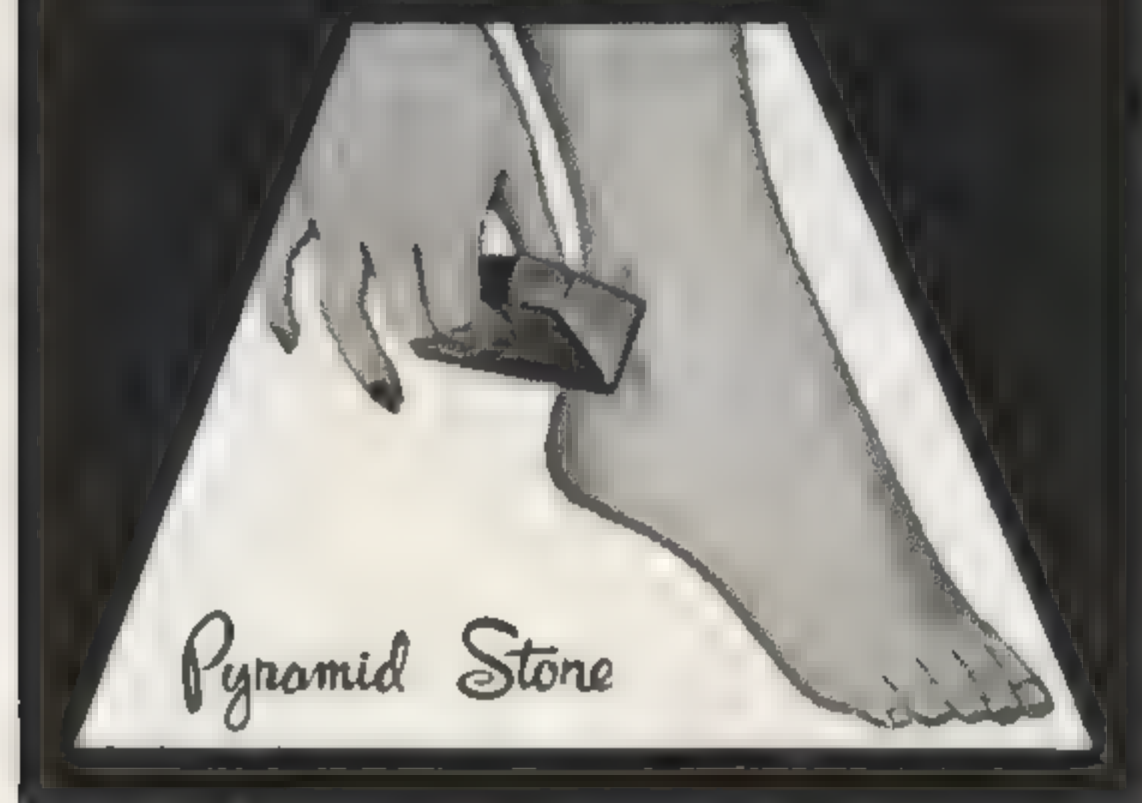
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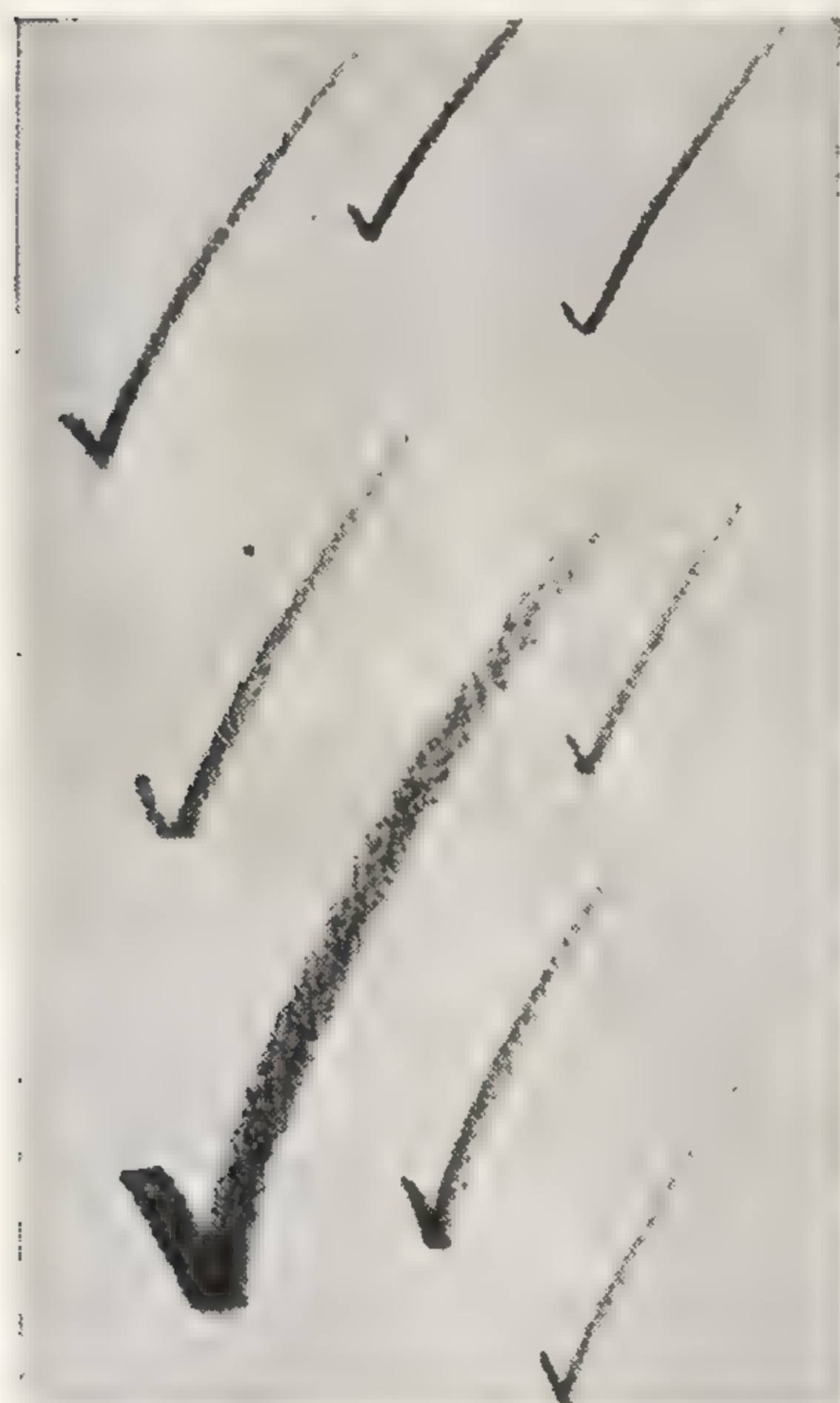
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## PROVENCE

(Continued from page 136)

broad international experience, a picnicker. I have spread the checkered cloth beside the Nile, the Amazon, the Orinoco, the Mississippi, and the Seine, and I desire here to stress that the Rhône belongs high in the five-star list. There is in Arles, in the place de la République, a bakery offering superior crusty bread. You can buy ham, olives, Val d'Or cheese, and a slab of Roquefort in the rue Gambetta; pears and grapes in the rue Gambetta, too, if the season's right; and in any season a bottle or so of Gigondas or Tavel, red and *rosé* Rhône Valley wines with stout hearts; and a small pot of Dijon mustard for the ham. Your choice of tarts in a *pâtisserie* along the boulevard des Lices. And the sky of Trinquetaille is nearly always an arrogant picnic-day blue.

Twenty-five miles north of Arles, at Avignon, *ci-devant* City of the Popes, you picnic not outside the town but *in* the town. There's no better spot than beneath the first arch of the truncated bridge of St. Bénédet—popularly the Pont d'Avignon—concerning which there is the familiar tinkling song—

*Sur le pont d'Avignon*

*L'on y danse, l'on y danse.*

*Sur le pont d'Avignon*

*L'on y danse tout en rond.*

The children were racing there yesterday, shying stones into the bright river, just as they did five hundred years ago. None, I regret to report, was singing the song; and none knew, when I asked, why anybody should ever have danced *on* the bridge. Maybe under the bridge, in the shelter of the first arch—*sous*, not *sur*. Or maybe the wind, the mistral, made folks jig and pirouette as they crossed the bridge.

The mistral is the wild frozen breath of a kind of monstrous polar bear high in the Alps, the scourge of Provence, the *big* wind, the violent, dry, piercingly cold gale that howls unannounced out of the mountains down the valley of the Rhône, almost any day, any hour, sending hats skimming and skirts kiting and gaffers scurrying to the fireside. It numbs the flesh, but it brings bonny health, everybody agrees, buffeting the germs right out of the air and over the sea to Africa.

The Pont d'Avignon, built my friends tell me, late in the twelfth century, looks as though it had been designed expressly for water-colourists. But you are not to credit the story that the municipality once erected a sign, NO PAINTING ALLOWED, to clear up an insupportable congestion of English-tourist easels along the river bank.

The Romans called the town Avenio and did a brisk market traffic there. Although the local museum displays chipped glass cups that once brushed Roman lips, the city is, in contrast, a veritable sanctuary of the mediaeval, with its sombre labyrinthine Palace of the Popes, built in the fourteenth century for Benedict XII and Clement VI; the Cathedral of Notre Dame des Doms, pure thirteenth-century Romanesque, with ravaged tombs of the pontiffs; and all about, the turreted and towered city walls.

Orange, half an hour northward on National Highway No. 7, is Roman again. Orange's famed Triumphal Arch was raised in 49 B.C. to celebrate Caesar's victory and the founding of the colony by veterans of the Eleventh Legion. It's a lovely arch, and I've enjoyed sitting beside it on the highway to watch the townspeople move purposefully by, with their minds on their business (the sack of bread, the jug of wine) and no thought at all for the great Caesars. Close to the heart of town is the Roman theatre, one of the grandest to survive the classical world. What mainly takes your eye is the façade, 340 feet long, 125 feet high, constructed of massive blocks of dark stone. "The finest wall in my kingdom," said Louis XIV. Still used for political rallies and summertime programs of dance and drama, the theatre holds thousands of people.

The princes of Orange, population 17,500, were mighty fellows once. They gave William the Silent to the cause of reform, a dynasty to the Dutch, and a king to England. Yet of the glorious Castle of Orange there remains now only a meagre pile of tumbled stone on the hill of St.-Eutrope above the quiet town.

From Orange to Aix is sixty miles straight away, southeastward, and not much more via Les Baux. I urge Les Baux upon you. It has a wine that is called Blood of the Troubadours, and one of the eleven best restaurants of France. Bauxite, the mineral so highly regarded for kitchenware and airplanes, is named after Les

Baux, where in 1821 it was uncovered in some quantity. The lords of the town in mediaeval times, competing with Orange, ranged far afield in power—they were emperors of Constantinople, kings of Arles, princes of Achaia, counts of Cephalonia, seneschals and captains-general of Lombardy and Piedmont, admirals of Naples. Today the population of the craggy place, perched high on a windy and impossible peak, is scarcely two hundred people, scratching the poor soil and playing guide to the frequent travellers. There's a square mile or so of ponderous tumble-down stone to see, and a noble long view across plains and marshes toward the sea.

Further on is Salon, where Nostradamus prophesied and died, and thereafter Aix-en-Provence, the ancient capital of Provence, a busy university town, one of the distinguished art cities of France, and the former home of Cézanne. Founded 123 years before Christ, as a Roman military post, it is now a stately concentration of fountains, sculpture, broad avenues, and fine seventeenth- and eighteenth-century houses. There are gardens of great beauty; among them, one that lies below the windows of my friend M. Blache, rector of the University of Aix. "Here in this green garden," said M. Blache on a certain morning, "I have a view across the whole of creation." I think he meant the almost perceived figures of the nameless pagan, the Roman pagan, the Christian Roman, the leather-jacketed mediaeval scholar. It was no great feat, under the spell of the soft voice, to re-create Cézanne walking on the grass, an old man with a beaten-up knapsack on slumped shoulders, heading out into the country to paint the mountain of Sainte-Victoire.

Aix's Cours Mirabeau, a majestic central avenue famed for its fountains and plane trees, is one of the most beautiful avenues (some say the most beautiful) in all France. And go to see the terribly solemn Cathedral of Saint-Sauveur, and the ceramic shops and antique shops in the narrow alleys in the feudal heart of town. And very especially, toward sundown, sit in a sidewalk café close by a fountain in the Cours Mirabeau and watch the students pacing along the broad walk, so intently, so passionately discussing—what? The rhetoric of Corneille? The new girl behind the bar of the Deux Garçons?

Have I remembered to say that I am in love with Provence?

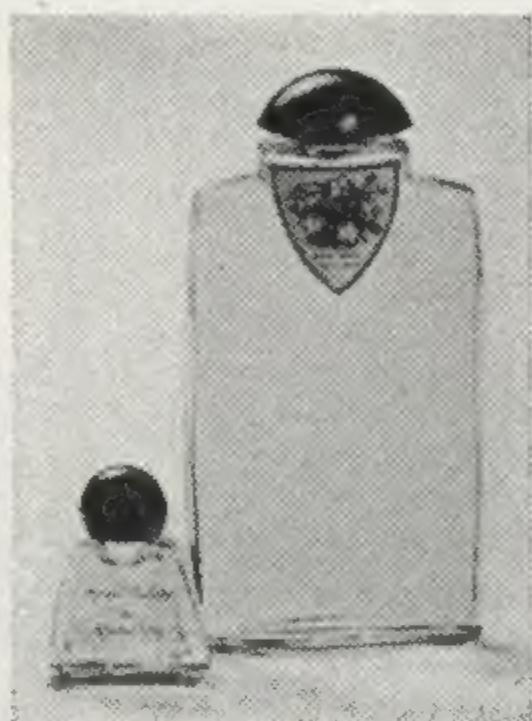


# Discoveries in beauty—

## April findings



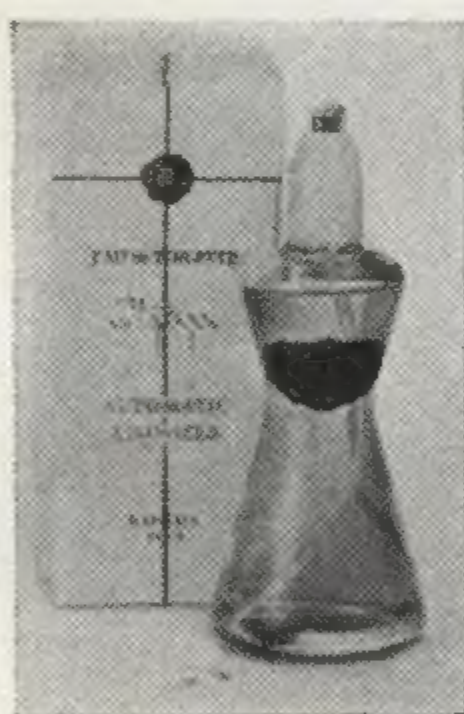
For some reason, being beautiful (or the impulse to same) is easier around April. Women seem to want to look—and feel—prettier. And dozens of people are willing to cooperate. Bourjois, for instance, has come up with a new scent (above). It's called Muguet, and is, as you'd expect, redolent of lily of the valley. The perfume, half-ounce, \$2.50\*; cologne, two ounces, \$1.50\*. Bloomingdale's. Yardley's April Violets (speaking of familiar fresh spring fragrances) now comes as a "package



deal," perfume and cologne together (right), \$1.35\*. Bloomingdale's. As a companion to Prince Matchabelli's Added Attraction perfume, there's a new cologne (directly left) with the same pleasant woody-floral bouquet.



Four ounces of this, \$3.50\*. Altman's. As of this moment, Raphael's rose and jasmine Plaisir (right), can be sprayed on—via a little red button on a new three-ounce bottle of Plaisir Toilet Water. \$7.50\*. At Jay Thorpe.



Third from top, at left: Coty's Vitamin Moisture Balancer, which works on a twenty-four hour basis. There's one version for dry to normal skins, another for oily. \$3.50\*. Macy's.



A hair-beautifying combination that originated as a beauty salon treatment is now take-homeable from salons—Pomatex Lanolin Magic Hair Spray and Double Duty Hair Cream (right): Spray, \$1.25\*; cream, under \$1.



To keep young skin looking that way, look into DuBarry's Young Promise (directly left). Polyunsaturates are the news in this night cream.



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## VOGUE PATTERNS

(Back views, sizes, yardages of the Patterns on pages 116-117)



9147

9143

Above, left: Vogue Pattern 9147, the one-piece tucked and pleated dress;  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yds. of 44" fabric without nap should do the trick for size 14. The Pattern is available in sizes 10 to 18 (31 to 38); costs 75 cents. Above, right: The mobile sheath, Vogue Pattern 9143, in sizes 10 to 16 (31 to 36). For size 14:  $5\frac{1}{8}$  yds. of 42" fabric without nap. 75 cents.

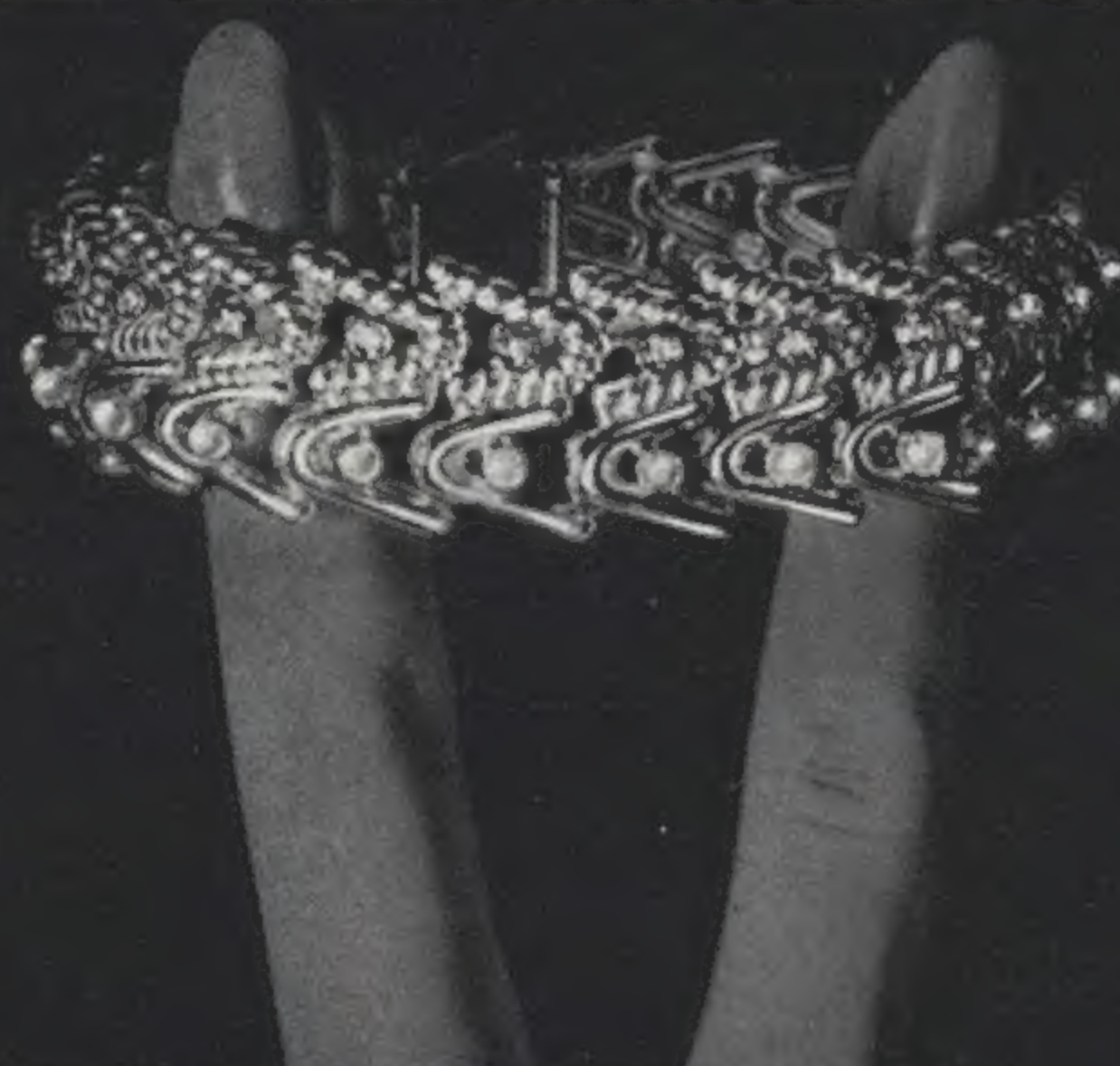
VOGUE PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT IMPORTANT SHOPS IN EVERY CITY OR BY MAIL (POSTAGE PREPAID), FROM DEPARTMENT V, VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE, GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT; AND IN CANADA, AT 198 SPADINA AV., TORONTO, ONTARIO. (Some pattern prices are slightly higher in Canada.) Note: Connecticut residents please add sales tax. These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 5c additional for each pattern ordered.

## EYE - SHADOW BLUES

The following is a list of shops throughout the country where some of the fashions and the Elizabeth Arden make-up shown on pages 102-109 can be found.

|                         |                  |                          |                        |
|-------------------------|------------------|--------------------------|------------------------|
| Atlanta, Ga.....        | Rich's           | Milwaukee, Wis.....      | T. A. Chapman          |
| Bakersfield, Calif..... | Malcolm Brock    | New Orleans, La.....     | Godchaux's             |
| Boston, Mass.....       | Jordan Marsh     | Omaha, Nebr.....         | J. L. Brandeis         |
| Cincinnati, Ohio.....   | Mabley & Carew   | Phoenix, Ariz.....       | Goldwaters             |
| Cleveland, Ohio.....    | Halle Bros.      | Portland, Ore.....       | Meier & Frank          |
| Columbus, Ohio.....     | F. & R. Lazarus  | Rochester, N. Y.....     | Sibley, Lindsay & Curr |
| Denver, Col.....        | Denver Dry Goods | Sacramento, Calif.....   | Ransohoffs-Bon Marché  |
| Fort Worth, Texas.....  | The Fair         | Salem, Ore.....          | Meier & Frank          |
| Fresno, Calif.....      | E. Gottschalk    | San Antonio, Texas.....  | Frost Bros.            |
| Hartford, Conn.....     | G. Fox           | San Diego, Calif.....    | The Marston Co.        |
| Houston, Texas.....     | Sakowitz         | San Jose, Calif.....     | L. Hart & Son          |
| Indianapolis, Ind.....  | L. S. Ayres      | Seattle, Wash.....       | Frederick & Nelson     |
| Kansas City, Mo.....    | Harzfeld's       | Sioux City, Iowa.....    | Yunker-Davidson's      |
| Knoxville, Tenn.....    | Rich's           | St. Louis, Mo.....       | Stix, Baer & Fuller    |
| Lexington, Ky.....      | Stewart's        | St. Petersburg, Fla..... | Maas Bros.             |
| Little Rock, Ark.....   | M. M. Cohn       | Syracuse, N. Y.....      | The Addis Co.          |
| Long Beach, Calif.....  | Buffum's         | Tampa, Fla.....          | Maas Bros.             |
| Los Angeles, Calif..... | J. W. Robinson   | Toledo, Ohio.....        | La Salle & Koch        |
| Louisville, Ky.....     | Stewart's        | Tulsa, Okla.....         | Vandevors              |
| Memphis, Tenn.....      | John Gerber      | Washington, D. C.....    | Julius Garfinckel      |

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